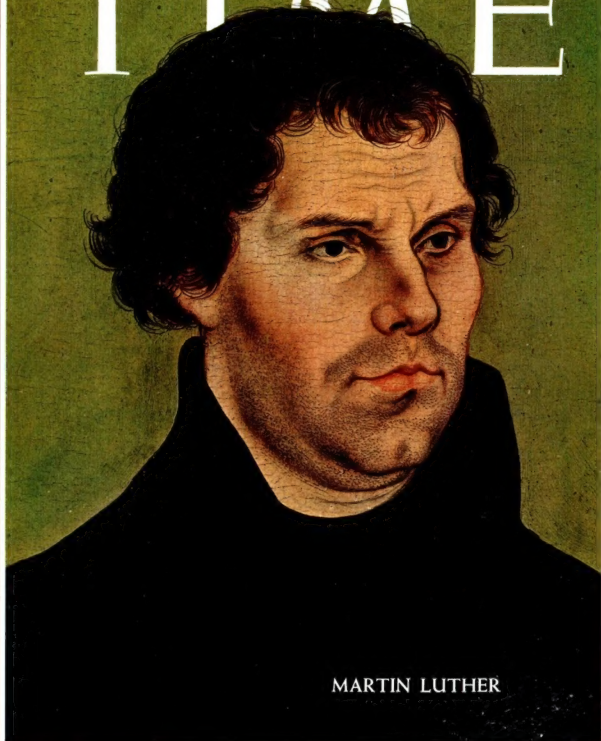


FIFTY CENTS

MARCH 24, 1967

TIME



MARTIN LUTHER

STOCKHOLM NATIONAL MUSEUM

VOL. 89 NO. 12

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The new NCR 400 electronic accounting system makes program-changing easier done than said.

The unique program loops of the 400 enable it to handle as many programs as there are loops—and programs as long as a loop can be.

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takes the fear
out of long
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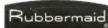
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CBS RADIO NETWORK



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And you can put a bottle of Ballantine's on the shelf of your locker at the club, and it won't roll off.

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Thursday, March 23

THE CBS THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11:30 p.m.). William Holden and Lilli Palmer in *The Counterfeit Trail* (1962), based on the real-life exploits of Eric Erickson, an American-born Swede who sympathized with the Germans but spied for the Allied High Command in World War II.

Friday, March 24

THE CBS FRIDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). Sidney Poitier in his Academy Award-winning role of an ex-G.I. who lends a helping hand to five German immigrants in *Lilies of the Field* (1963).

Saturday, March 25

MISS TEEN INTERNATIONAL PAGEANT (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Noel Harrison and Sally Field do the honors as contestants from nine nations vie for the title.

Sunday, March 26

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE 1967 N.C.A.A. SWIMMING AND DIVING CHAMPIONSHIPS (NBC, 2:30-4 p.m.). From Michigan State University in East Lansing.

CBS SPORTS SPECTACULAR (CBS, 2:30-4 p.m.). The World Ski-Flying Championships from Oberstdorf, Germany, where the wind currents and the long, steep slope permit jumps of fantastic length. Plus the Duke Kahanamoku Surfing Championships from Hawaii.

NBC EXPERIMENT IN TELEVISION (NBC, 4-5 p.m.). "We Interrupt This Season" toves a barbed lampoon at some staples of TV programming: election coverage, weather reporting, guided tours of famous places and those late-late, talk-talk shows.

CHILDREN'S FILM FESTIVAL (CBS, 4:55-5:30 p.m.). *Hand in Hand*, from Britain, tells of the friendship between a little Catholic boy and a Jewish girl, and how they learn for themselves that one God watches over all.

PENSACOLA GOLF TOURNAMENT (ABC, 5-7 p.m.). The final rounds from the Pensacola Country Club in Atlantic Beach, Fla.

THE 21ST CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). An optimistic report that after the year 2000, doctors will be able to replace worn-out or diseased parts of the human body by substituting new organs, both real and synthetic, thus creating a "man-made man."

BELL TELEPHONE HOUR (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). "An Easter Greeting: Selections from Handel's *Messiah*," performed by the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, featuring Soprano Phyllis Curtin, Contralto Maureen Forrester and Tenor Richard Lewis from the Red Rocks Amphitheater near Denver.

MARINELAND CARNIVAL (CBS, 7-8 p.m.). In the fifth edition of *Marineland Carnival*, Art Carney, as a vacationer from Brooklyn, and Jim Backus, as a frustrated TV director, "discover" Singer Nancy Ames as they watch the high-leaping dolphin and other denizens of the Florida aquarium.

THE ROBE (ABC, 7-9:30 p.m.). Richard Burton, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature, Richard Boone and Michael Rennie star in this (1953) version of the Lloyd C. Douglas novel about the life of Christ and a man whose life was radically changed by

the sacred garment Christ wore to his crucifixion. The sponsor, Ford Motor Co., gives everyone an added Easter present by settling for only one commercial break.

THE TONY AWARDS (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Mary Martin and Robert Preston co-host the Antoinette Perry Awards, Broadway's most glamorous tribute to the best shows and performers of the season. On hand to pass out the laurels: Lauren Bacall, Harry Belafonte, Kirk Douglas, John Forsythe, Marge and Gower Champion, Lee Remick and Angela Lansbury.

Monday, March 27

LENINGRAD (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A documentary of the past and present of Russia's second largest city, re-creating some of its great moments, explaining how it differs from most Communist towns, and describing life there today.

THEATER

On Broadway

BLACK COMEDY, by Peter Shaffer, might be called "Blowout." A frantic two-timer and furniture snatcher (Michael Crawford) tries to salvage his romance and career in an antic and amusing blindman's bluff when the lights go out on a crucial and crowded evening.

THE HOMECOMING, Who conquers and exploits whom is the question, as Harold Pinter pits the strength of five men v. the power of one woman. The answer depends on each man's interpretation. The Royal Shakespeare Company's production, directed by Peter Hall, is properly tense and intense.

THE APA REPERTORY COMPANY, with Rosemary Harris, offers a well-conceived, well-balanced dramatic diet for those who hunger for theatrical classics and hits of the past. *School for Scandal*, *The Wild Duck*, *War and Peace* and *You Can't Take It With You* are currently given felicitous, competent revivals.

AT THE DROP OF ANOTHER HAT, The humor of Michael Flanders' and Donald Swann's revue resembles a martini: it goes down smoothly, is slightly sly, and definitely dry.

CABARET is all binding and no book. The ambience of the musical, set in the decadent Berlin of the 1930s, is as sinuous and sexy as aboriginal sin, but the show's plot line and score are all predictability and convention.

Off Broadway

EPH is Henry Livings' broad farce that asks whether a young man with a merry-go-round mentality can find happiness in a square world.

AMERICA MURRAH, Jean-Claude van Itallie melds pop art and the theater of cruelty as he leads his audience through a modern Inferno of cocktail parties, urban herds, political cant and psychoanalytic jargon.

RECORDS

Pop

SOFTLY, AS I LEAVE YOU (Columbia). Just about all Eydie Gorme has to say is goodbye, or is it an revoir? (*For All We Know*, *Every Time We Say Goodbye*, *Who's Good About Goodbye?*). Actually, she doesn't need words. Her message is her medium. She sculpts each song, shaping it

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A TASTE OF "SHERRY" (RCA Victor) is more like a belt of whisky as Nightclub Singer Marilyn Maxe pours it out in her fourth LP. She offers a welcome to *Charmet* and displays the effortless amplitude of her voice in ballads like *Too Much in Love*.

BLOW-UP (MGM). The sound track of the Antonioni movie bears up well, the mood moods shifting from abstract jazz shorthand to silky swing to funky blues to rock 'n' roll. The score was written by Herbie Hancock, one of the best young avant-garde jazz pianists around, who performs it with an excellent jazz ensemble and an assist by the Yardbirds.

HEART & SOUL (Project 3) finds guitarist Tony Mottola agreeably plucking out a dozen soft-headed ballads (*Little Girl Blue*, *Love Is Here to Stay*, *The Impossible Dream*) with occasional underlining and punctuation by saxophone, organ and percussion. Project 3 is a new label, featuring a warm and immediate sound achieved by recording with magnetic film.

JOAN SUTHERLAND SINGS NOEL COWARD (London). The Australian prima donna has no chance for operatic fireworks but lights little sparklers from *Conversation Piece*, *Bitter Sweet* and three later musicals, while Noel himself makes a veddy charming bow (*I'll Follow My Secret Heart*). The orchestra is lush; the violins sway with the nostalgic waltzes that are light years away from today's Broadway.

CALYPSO IN BRASS (RCA Victor). The Tijuana Brass burnished the sound of the Mexican *marachi* band, and now Harry Belafonte has added the alloy to the music of the Caribbean. Belafonte's personal exuberance, however, triumphs over the instrumentation. The accent in the album is definitely on calypso, as in *Cocunut Woman* and *The Naughty Little Flea*.

A MAN AND A WOMAN (United Artists). The score of last year's Cannes award-winning film reflects the luminous glow and quiet lyricism of the photography. A sleeper, the sound-track recording laid low on the bestselling charts for four months, has now suddenly awakened with a start.

CINEMA

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW, Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor frolic through Shakespeare's salty salvo in the war between the sexes, expertly directed by Italy's Franco Zeffirelli, who mixes bawd and brio on a Renaissance palette.

PERSONA, Swedish Director Ingemar Bergman's 27th film (and first in 2 1/2 years) is a difficult but rewarding study of the psychological transference between an actress (Liv Ullmann), who stops participating in life, and a nurse (Bibi Andersson), whose personality becomes enmeshed in that of her actress-patient.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING. A fairly successful re-creation of the 1961 Broadway musical hit, with Robert Morse and Rudy Vallee still excellent in their original roles.

THE PERSECUTION AND ASSASSINATION OF JEAN-PAUL MARAT AS PERFORMED BY THE INMATES OF THE ASYLUM OF CHARENTON UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE. Peter Weiss's play, performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company and directed by Peter Brook, was the decade's most cinematic drama, as this film brilliantly demonstrates.

DUTCHMAN. Subways are not for sleeping in this 55-minute rendering of LeRoi



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A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS. Playwright Robert Bolt's literate theater work on the martyrdom of Sir Thomas More makes every bit as good a movie, with Paul Scofield as Sir Thomas.

BOOKS

Best Reading

BLACK IS BEST, by Jack Olsen. A formidable biography that disassembles Heavyweight Champion Cassius Clay and then carefully spreads the many pieces on the gym floor.

THE THORN TREES, by John McIntosh. Set in a fictional counterpart of Bechuanaland, the novel tells with special horror how the white man's civilization can fail in the face of its creator's degeneracy and corruption.

A SHORTER FINNEGANS WAKE, by James Joyce, edited by Anthony Burgess. Joyce's dream-ridden masterpiece was 17 years in the writing and could easily have been 17 more in the reading until Novelist Burgess (*A Clockwork Orange*) came to the rescue, cutting it by two-thirds. Joyce's vast wealth of verbal sound and association remains intact.

THE LAST ONE LEFT, by John MacDonald. How to hangle the theft of \$800,000 on land and sea—in one suspenseful lesson by a veteran (53 books) of the thriller school.

THE MAN WHO KNEW KENNEDY, by Vance Bourjaily. An evocation of the memories of a whole Kennedy generation, this novel is the first major effort in fictional form to probe the impact of November 1963 on Kennedy's contemporaries.

THE SOLDIER'S ART, by Anthony Powell. War's brutal choreography, scored in the eighth novel of Powell's marathon masterpiece. Here his central character, Nick Jenkins, dances mindlessly through the buff (paperwork) that accompanies all programmed violence—in this instance World War II.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Arrangement*, Kazan (3 last week)
2. *The Secret of Santa Vittoria*, Crichton (1)
3. *Capable of Honor*, Drury (2)
4. *The Captain, De Hartog* (4)
5. *Valley of the Dolls*, Sussan (6)
6. *The Birds Fall Down*, West (7)
7. *The Mask of Apollo*, Kenau (5)
8. *The Fixer*, Malamud (9)
9. *All in the Family*, O'Connor (10)
10. *Tai-Pan*, Clavell (8)

NONFICTION

1. *Madame Sarah*, Skinner (1)
2. *Everything But Money*, Levenson (2)
3. *The Jury Returns*, Nizer (4)
4. *Games People Play*, Berne (5)
5. *Paper Lion*, Plimpton (3)
6. *Edgar Cayce: The Sleeping Prophet*, Stearn (6)
7. *Inside South America*, Gunther (7)
8. *The Boston Strangler*, Frank (9)
9. *The Bitter Heritage*, Schlesinger
10. *Rush to Judgment*, Lane (8)



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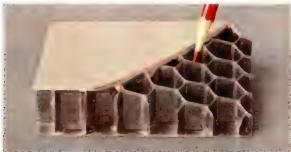
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LETTERS

Girls for All Seasons

Sir: There are no words to describe the immense pleasure and happiness your cover story on Lynn and Vanessa Redgrave [March 17] gave me. Having seen *George Girl* three times and *Morgan!* once, I can understand why the world is in love with these two fantastic artists.

SUZANNE R. FRIED

Queens, N.Y.

Sir: Pity the British theater, and TIM! for resorting to the Redgrave ménage for a cover story. The paucity of theatrical talent is aptly illustrated in the Lynn-Vanessa Redgrave act: typical Lynn, who looks like a young Angela Lansbury, and Vanessa, who could be—well, almost anyone. Nothing outstanding about either.

Comparing the second-rate Redgraves with the American Barrymores leaves a poor taste in my theatrical mouth. Might as well eulogize the Cherry Sisters, who certainly epitomized a theatrical era.

MARY B. LEIGH-HUNT

Hollywood

Sir: About the new crop of stars: I feel that the really wildly exciting thing about them is their distinctiveness—as individuals and their ability to inspire creative thinking in the new movie audience. The emphasis has switched from the image (the product of a collective effort in the studio) to the real individual.

CARL CREMANS

Wooster, Ohio

Matter of Morals or Fitness?

Sir: Adam Powell's power [March 17] has long constituted a threat to the white-powder structures, and numerous attempts have been made to strip him of his power. What we have just witnessed is not a morals trial but the employment of an excuse to accomplish legally and openly what we have failed to do until now.

No longer can we clothe our prejudice in the worn-out argument that "the Irish, Italians, Poles and the Jews have made it so can the Negro," for we have just proved that, although other minority groups can "make it" by aggressiveness and the acquisition of power, we will never permit the Negro to follow suit.

I cannot justify Powell's personal conduct, but I see our biased treatment of him, the symbol of black power, as a grave moral sickness.

(THE REV.) G. STANFORD BRATTON

Assistant Minister

The First Baptist Church in America
Providence

Sir: I am a Negro reared in the South and educated at two of America's pre-eminent universities. I have known discrimination in employment, cultural opportunities, day-to-day existence, and in the military.

Some responsible Negroes have bridled their tongues out of fear of reprisals and epithets and have thereby given the impression of solid Negro support for Powell and his antics. The fact is that many responsible Negroes do not wish preferential treatment for Negro violators of the law.

No thinking Negro can deny that Powell is guilty of grave violations of the law, and has flagrantly abrogated his right to sit in Congress. For too long, many American whites, out of a feeling of guilt for the sins of their fathers or out of indifference to the Negro as a meaningful

member of society, have looked the other way when Negroes have committed wrongs. Concomitantly, many responsible Negroes have taken advantage of such attitudes and wallowed in the mire of second-class citizenship because of the special privileges it afforded. Informed Negroes know this very well.

Powell is unfit to represent any group of people in Congress, let alone those benighted souls in Harlem, who need the most capable leadership and guidance that can be found among their numbers.

ROBERT A. SMITH

University of Wisconsin
Madison

Illuminations

Sir: I met Henry Luce [March 10] only one time, in India at the World Council of Churches meeting in 1961. He had been invited by a minister of the Indian government to a dinner for Billy Graham. The food was simple, but the conversation was rich and illuminating. The most unforgettable part of the occasion was Mr. Luce. His face spoke volumes, his manner and bearing made an indelible impression. I was overwhelmed by the fullness of his words and the vast range of his knowledge. He questioned the government official about Gandhi, food and the Sikhs. He made incisive remarks about religion and at the same time displayed a fascinating, mystical reverence for an unsophisticated faith in Christ.

I am a talkative person, but that night I just listened, and I will always be glad I did, for you could not listen to a man like Henry Luce without getting a lesson.

(THE REV.) CALVIN THIELMAN

Montreal Presbyterian Church
Montreal, N.C.

Sir: I suppose most of the world's great and near-great—those who admired Harry Luce and those who were less than cordial—will be counted in the expressions of regret at his death. So there may be little time for the editors to note that, even among us lesser people for whom TIM was also prepared with such great care each week, there is genuine regret and a sense of emptiness.

We didn't always agree with him. I remember an incident here when students objected to what they felt was opinion represented as fact and asked Mr. Luce how he could call TIM a newsmagazine. He retorted, somewhat testily, "I invented the term; it can mean anything I want it to mean."

But, he did, indeed, invest the term journalist with a new and lofty impor-

tance. Those of us who practice the craft (Mr. Luce might have called it a profession) will be constantly reminded of just how important his manifold contributions were. And, agree or disagree, we are all in his debt.

HENRY A. SEIB

Director of Publications

Brandeis University
Waltham, Mass.

Sir: I must thank TIM not only for creating an interesting, informative and accurate portrayal of the "three or thirty sides" of my grandfather, but also for getting "off its pages" and into the minds of its readers" a correct image—the warm affection and informal joviality he was capable of sharing. Finally he no longer bears the formerly endured brand by the public of a press lord who, like a ticker-tape machine, can only spew forth hard facts.

The day of his death was indeed the "End of a Pilgrimage," since it ended the road of a man possessing a deep-seated faith, an unassuming countenance, and a pilgrim's progress earned through unselfish devotion to a cause—an idealistic mission that, having bettered mankind by weekly preachings for more than 40 years, will continue to do so as long as "journalism," the word he made great, continues to exist.

HENRY CHRISTOPHER LUCE

Hutchkiss School
Lakeville, Conn.

Swords Into Slide Rules

Sir: Your statement in "FAIR Shake" [March 10] that eliminating deferments for most graduate students "will all but eliminate graduate schools as a draft haven" demands comment. Such a policy could all but eliminate this country. The most formidable enemy facing not only this country but the entire human species is ignorance. Our survival may well depend upon whether some gifted kid is permitted to serve with muscles and a slide-rule instead of with muscles and a rifle.

PAUL WHITES

Associate Professor of Psychology
Eastern Michigan University
Ypsilanti

Sir: I am not a draft dodger. If my country wishes me to serve after I have my Ph.D., I will be most willing to do so. But graduate students like me are not good riflemen and are intellectually and morally incapable of accepting orders without questioning them and pondering their implications. If the Army cannot beat the Viet Cong without putting men like me in the front lines, then I suggest that it will not be able to beat the V.C.s with our help. If we're that desperate in Viet Nam, then

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R. EDWARD OVERSTREET

Purdue University
West Lafayette, Ind.

Stalin's Ghost

Sir: "Author! Author!" [March 17], on dissenting writers in Communist countries, is an illuminating report on a significant development in the political and cultural climate of the post-Stalin era. Besides this cultural protest, there exists also an ecclesiastical dissent, particularly evident in the Russian Orthodox Church and among the Baptists in the Soviet Union.

The last sentence of your article needs a footnote to avoid any overly optimistic interpretation of this trend and to underline the ambiguity of the situation. It is true that *Literatni Noviny* published a series, "God Is Not Completely Dead." It must be added, however, that *Literatni Noviny* and other Communist cultural periodicals in Czechoslovakia have been recently subjected to rather violent attacks by Communist leaders in Rudé Právo (Red Justice), daily organ of the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia. The tone of these critical remarks indicates that the party is not yet ready to accept either the dissent of intellectuals or any far-reaching dialogues between Christians and Marxists. The ghost of Stalin is still around.

(THE REV.) BLAHOŠ JAN HRUBÝ

National Council of Churches
Manhattan

Call for Support

Sir: I am offended by the photographs accompanying your article about the Indian elections [March 10]. Haven't we had enough in our press about sacred cows and starving children? Having just returned from five weeks in India, I find myself shocked by the continuing sameness of the negative clichés about that country. There are sacred cows, there are hungry people, but after 2,400 miles of driving and 1,500 by rail, I saw no sights so extreme as those in your photographs. What I remember most about the poverty I witnessed is the grace and dignity with which it was borne. After fewer than 20 years of independence, a great democracy is growing proudly, though painfully, into maturity. Surely it deserves our respect and support.

HIFENA E. FRANKLIN

Manhattan

The Big Brother Tube

Sir: British television's candor is refreshing, even as a substitute for content. But BBC Director Greene's "assured source of income, which we can spend as we think right," as "it may be better to give intense pleasure to a small number of people than mild pleasure to a greater number," smacks of a bureaucrat's lofty disregard of the interests of those who assure that income.

The \$14 license fee is mandatory for all radio-TV-set owners, irrespective of their video-ownership. I license dodgers (of whom there are about 2,000,000) are flushed out by government post-office detection vans that patrol the streets nightly, homing in on addresses where unlicensed sets are operating. A current government proposal would raise the fine for first-time "pirate viewers" from \$28 to \$140, and would require TV dealers to inform the post-office of set purchasers or renters. While

BBC's program directors may not be "State controlled," the viewers certainly are.

Endure the commercials, fellow Americans, and think twice, or more, before letting Big Brother tend to your watching.

FRED BRUNER

Hampton Hill, Middlesex, England

Wages of Militancy

Sir: The jailing of teacher-strike leaders in New Jersey [March 3] is symbolic of a state's not knowing how to deal with the rising tide of teacher militancy. Instead of allowing the processes of collective bargaining to work, as they have for teachers in New York, Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia and scores of smaller cities, many school boards and state officials still would rather terrorize than negotiate. The A.E.T. intends to keep its militancy high until its goals are met.

CHARLES COGEN

National President
American Federation of Teachers
Chicago

Sir: Don't the more militant members of our profession realize that as teachers employ collective bargaining, binding arbitration and strikes, they oblige school committees to counter rightfully with time clocks, hourly pay and, alas, perhaps even piecemeal?

Irony, isn't it, that the very same teachers who deplore what they call their second-class citizenship are choosing a means guaranteed to ensure them that status perpetually.

LEILA B. GEMME

Northampton, Mass.

Off We Go . . .

Sir: I was shocked by "Big Boys at Play" [March 3]. Imagine supposedly grown men, up to the age of 74, flying paper airplanes.

Besides being thoroughly disgusted, I have built the plane shown in your diagram. So far, I have had it up for only eight seconds.

ROBERT B. RORICK

St. Louis

Sir: My five-year-old son is always asking me to make paper planes for him, but until recently, the best I could muster was about 15 feet of wobbly flight from my own designs.

With your design carefully executed, and my son watching, I launched the plane into a slight breeze. It swooped up, went over my house, over my neighbor's house, and was still going strong when I lost sight of it.

Phoenix

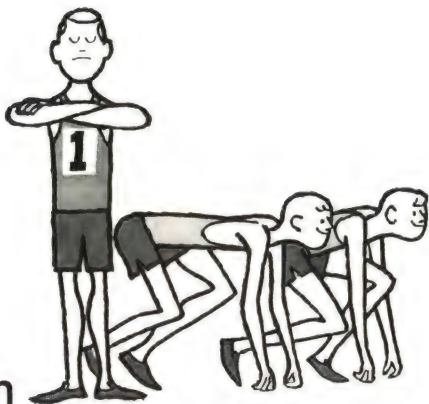
RON HERBERT

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

March 24, 1967

Vol. 89, No. 12

THE NATION

THE WAR

Strictly Business

Unlike the full-dress Viet Nam conferences that preceded it, this week's meeting on remote Guam was wreathed in an aura of almost spartan austerity. Absent were Honolulu's air of Sybaritic somnolence and Manila's mood of gaudy gaiety. Guam is strictly business—and the business is to accelerate the military and political progress in Viet Nam.

In selecting Guam as the site for his latest strategy session, Lyndon Johnson hoped to symbolize the fact that America is a Pacific nation in all senses of the word. Guam is not only the home of the B-52 bombers that daily hammer the Viet Cong; it is also the westernmost possession of the U.S. in the Pacific. The U.S. acquired the 210-sq.-mi. island after the Spanish-American War, lost it to Japan during the chaotic week following Pearl Harbor, and regained it by a bloody amphibious assault in 1944. Ringed by coral reefs, its jungles studded with wild orchids and rusting Japanese tanks. Guam (pop. 76,500) is a mélange of Chamorro, Spanish and Japanese stock, yet fully American in its attitudes.

More than Routine. Ostensibly, the Guam conference was called to keep top U.S. and South Vietnamese officials in touch on a semiannual basis (they last met in Manila in October 1966). Ac-



companying the President on the 18-hour, 8,600-mile trip from Washington were Secretary of State Dean Rusk, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, other top aides and two jetloads of reporters. In from Saigon flew U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, General William Westmoreland and South Viet Nam's Premier Nguyen Cao Ky and President Nguyen Van Thieu.

In briefing U.S. correspondents on the meeting, White House aides pointedly emphasized the word routine. Yet the President had a lot more than routine matters on his mind—as he proved before he left for Guam. In a speech to the Tennessee state legislature at Nashville, Johnson revealed a top-to-bottom shakeup of the Saigon embassy staff that reached from Lodge—who had long been anxious to end his second stint in Viet Nam—to Information Chief Barry ("Zorro") Zorthian, whose psywar techniques have doubled the number of Viet Cong defectors coming across the

lines. As replacements, Johnson named an entire new team (see box next page).

Moral Double Bookkeeping. The Saigon shifts were evidence of Johnson's willingness to commit his very best advisers to Viet Nam. Much as he would like history to remember him for his far-reaching domestic achievements, he has increasingly resigned himself to the fact that the war will loom large in his record. And he is determined to bring it to a satisfactory conclusion.

In his Nashville speech, the President told of his visit earlier in the day to Andrew Jackson's historic Hermitage. "In our time, as in his, history conspires to test the American will," he said. "Two years ago, we were forced to choose between major commitments in defense of South Viet Nam or retreat in the face of subversion and external assault. Andrew Jackson would never have been surprised with the choice we made."

Moving from a defense of his war policies to an attack on his critics, Johnson pointed out that civilian casualties caused by U.S. operations "are inadvertent, in stark contrast to the calculated Viet Cong policy of systematic terror." Even so, he went on, "the deeds of the Viet Cong go largely unnoticed in the public debate. And it is this moral double bookkeeping which makes us get sometimes very weary of our critics." As if to punctuate the President's point, a Viet Cong plastic bomb erupted at a Saigon bus stop the same day, killing an old woman and wounding a young girl.

Calm Determination. The President laid emphasis on the political stability—frail as it is—that U.S. diplomacy has encouraged in South Viet Nam over the past two years. "As I am talking to you here," he said, "a freely elected constituent assembly in Saigon is wrestling with the last details of a new constitution." Appropriately, Ky planned to take a copy of the new constitution



B-52s AND 750-LB. BOMBS AT GUAM'S ANDERSEN AIR FORCE BASE
History's conspiracy to test the American will.

with him to Guam for the President's personal (see THE WORLD).

Johnson reiterated his willingness to negotiate with Hanoi—but he made it clear that he held out little hope for success. He told of one U.S. attempt to get peace talks started. It occurred during the first U.S. bombing pause in May 1965, when the Administration sent a letter proposing talks to Ho Chi

Minh's embassy in Moscow. It was "simply returned," said the President, "in a plain envelope."

Johnson's calm and determined mood reflected the tough new course in the war that he charted after last month's brief bombing pause ended in failure and frustration. He is convinced that Ho Chi Minh means business when he says that North Viet Nam is ready to

continue guerrilla warfare in the South "for 20, even 30 years if need be." Were the U.S. to grow irresolute in the face of such perseverance, Johnson said, "the forces of chaos would scent victory, and decades of strife and aggression would stretch endlessly before us." For the U.S., declared the President, the choice is clear. "We shall stay the course."

QUARTET AT THE TOP



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PALMER

ONLY one rational argument could be made against the new team of diplomat-warriors that President Johnson has assigned to Viet Nam: the success of its predecessors. U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, 64, during two tours and 29 months of duty in Saigon, has overseen the wrenching political transition from Ngo Dinh Diem to Nguyen Cao Ky with rare aplomb. Lodge's deputy, William J. Porter, 52, took a scant 18 months to turn "rural pacification" from a utopian dream to a viable program. But if the departing officials set a fast pace, the new team that Lyndon Johnson presented last week gives every promise of being able not only to keep it up but to improve on it.

The Gutsy Duck. To replace Lodge, who saw U.S. troop strength in Viet Nam rise from 16,000 to 420,000 during his current 19-month tour, Johnson tapped Ambassador-at-Large Ellsworth Bunker, 72. A courtly, starched-collar Vermontian who in 1951 left the sugar industry for diplomatic duty, Bunker is a tall, spare man who is known as a deft negotiator. As Ambassador to Argentina, he dealt with Dictator Juan Perón during a period of rabid Argentine anti-Americanism, had the satisfaction of seeing him exiled. In other troubleshooting assignments, he served as a mediator between Indonesia's Sukarno and The Netherlands during the 1962 West Irian crisis and as a go-between in the Yemen controversy a year later. Most recently—and impressively—he served as the U.S. Ambassador to the Organization of American States during the delicate 1965 Dominican negotiations.

In Santo Domingo, while bombs burst and tempers seethed, the elderly diplomat coolly presided over around-the-clock negotiating sessions that ultimately produced not only a stable, non-Communist government but one of the free elections in Hispaniola's history. Dominicans nicknamed him "El Pato Macho" (the gutsy duck). "He showed up on the palace steps every morning," says Lyndon Johnson with undisguised admiration, "and held that government together with his bare hands."

When possible replacements for Lodge were being considered over State Department kalfees, klatsches in Washington, many a Foreign Service officer muttered ruefully: "If only Bunker weren't so old..." Actually, in everything but chronology he is one of the youngest men in the department. Last January Bunker married comely U.S. Ambassador to Nepal Carol Laise, 49, honeymooning in the tiger-infested Himalayan foothills outside Katmandu. During an ambassadorial stint in New Delhi (1957-61) that won him abiding affection among Indians,

Bunker shot bison in the jungles of Mysore for relaxation. As for his ability to withstand Viet Nam's heat, Bunker, who seems to take his own temperate zone wherever he goes, regularly worked 20-hour days in steaming Santo Domingo without losing his starch.

The Blowtorch. To ensure that Bunker would be free to concentrate on the broad aspects of the war, the President appointed an old Texas friend as Deputy Ambassador. Dallas-born Eugene Murphy Locke, 49, who since last June has been U.S. Ambassador to Pakistan, will take over Bill Porter's role as meeter, greeter and all-purpose paper hanger in the Saigon embassy. A blond, burly classmate (Yale Law, '40) of such notables as Supreme Court Justices Byron White and Potter Stewart and Poverty Potentate Sargent Shriver, Locke was a Navy gunnery officer during World War II; his ship landed a Marine force in the Solomons led by Lieut. Colonel Victor ("Brute") Krulak—now Marine commander in the Pacific. During his nine-month stint in Rawalpindi, Locke skillfully reassured President Mohammed Ayub Khan of continued American interest after the Indian-Pakistani border war of 1965.

While Locke handles the embassy's day-to-day proceedings, the key job of pacification will fall to another Johnson favorite: Presidential Adviser Robert Komer, 45. A former CIA agent known as "The Blowtorch" for his incendiary manner, Komer will doubtless take over Porter's Office of Civilian Operations (OCO), which was put together in less than two months last year to combine and direct all U.S. civil operations in the field. Already, 4,000 of South Viet Nam's 14,000 hamlets are adjudged "secure"; under the scorch of Komer's torch, at least 1,100 more will be added this year. It is difficult to gauge, however, whether Saigon embassy personnel are more dismayed to see Porter leave or Komer arrive. Plainly, the first job confronting Komer will be to win the confidence of leary officials.

Firepower v. Footwork. The President's new platoon also includes a military star: Lieut. General Bruce Palmer, 53, who was appointed last week as commander of Field Force II—a composite outfit of infantry, artillery and armored divisions that recently attempted, in vain, to wipe out the Viet Cong base headquarters near Cambodia. Palmer—who commanded the 23,000-man force in the Dominican Republic—replaces Lieut. General Jonathan Seaman. Having already proved his diplomatic deftness, Palmer will now have to adapt to a type of warfare where firepower counts less than footwork.

THE CONSTITUTION

Two to Go

Not since the Constitution was drafted 180 years ago have the states asserted their right to call a convention to change it. All 25 amendments have been initiated by Congress, not the states. Now, to just about everyone's surprise, the states are on the threshold of calling a convention on an amendment that would overturn the Supreme Court's one-man, one-vote rule.

The campaign to call the convention has been spearheaded without fanfare by Republican Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen ever since his attempt to upset the court's reapportionment ruling was defeated in Congress 19 months ago. With endorsement required from two-thirds (34) of the states, Illinois and Colorado last week brought the number of states that have passed amendment resolutions up to 32.

It may be a while, however, before the threshold is crossed. Only one other state—Iowa—is now considering the resolution. Even if two more join the parade, no one seems sure what would happen next. The Constitution says nothing about how soon a convention should be called after the two-thirds mark is reached or how delegates should be chosen. It does not even indicate whether the delegates are restricted to considering one amendment, or free to take action on a whole raft of them.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Symbolic Span

Signed in 1964 but promptly consigned to limbo by the Senate, the U.S.-Soviet consular treaty last week finally won approval. After voting down six attempts to weaken or destroy it, the Senate ratified the treaty 66 to 28, three votes more than the required two-thirds majority.

As recently as two months ago, with FBI Boss J. Edgar Hoover and Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen both vociferously opposed to the pact, its chances seemed nonexistent. The turning point came on Jan. 31, when Kentucky's Republican Senator Thurston Morton rose to deliver a moving plea for passage of the treaty.

Morton castigated "extremist groups in our society who fear Polish names as much as they fear any new gesture toward world peace." He prodded the White House to fight hard for the treaty's passage, told colleagues that they should not let the Viet Nam war stand in the way of East-West understanding, despite the fact that many were resentful because Russia supplies 70% of Hanoi's imported war matériel. His persuasiveness eventually won over a majority of the Senate's Republicans (who were 22 to 13 in favor of the treaty). Even Ev Dirksen finally confessed: "I'm not impervious to mis-conceptions." When the time came to vote, Dirksen left a hospital bed, where he was confined by fatigue, to cast his



THURSTON MORTON
A footbridge, but still a bridge.

"aye" and hail the treaty as beneficial "to the people of the entire world."

Limited Scope. Though symbolically important in the President's program to build bridges of understanding to Eastern Europe, the treaty is actually no more than a footbridge. It merely lays the basis for the two countries to resume an exchange of consulates,* leaving the question of number and location to future negotiations. The Administration would like one consulate in Leningrad; Russia is believed to want one in Chicago. The treaty also provides immunity from arrest for all consulate officials and employees. Further, it requires the Soviet government to notify U.S. officials within three days of the arrest of any American (18,000 now visit Russia annually) and to permit a visit within four days.

Despite the treaty's limited scope, it clearly represents an improvement in U.S.-Soviet relations. The Russian Presidium is expected to rubber-stamp it shortly, thereby completing action on the first bilateral treaty ever entered into by the two countries. A pact to prohibit nuclear weapons in space may also be ratified shortly. But agreement on the thorniest issue—anti-ballistic missiles—is a remoter prospect, though talks on the subject are scheduled to begin in Moscow soon. In the meantime, Russia is thought to be going ahead with plans to deploy an ABM system. As for the U.S., the Senate Armed Services Committee last week recommended that a multibillion dollar American ABM system be set up unless Russia agrees to drop its plans.

* The last consulates were closed in 1948 when a Soviet consul general kidnapped Oksana Stepanovna Kusenkina after her escape from Russia's New York consulate, where she was a schoolteacher. She later escaped again by leaping from the consulate's third floor, became a U.S. citizen before her death in 1960.

THE PRESIDENCY

Fighting the Other War

Before leaving for Guam last week, Lyndon Johnson was preoccupied with another war. In a 9,500-word message to Congress, he outlined programs totaling \$25.6 billion to aid the nation's poor—an increase of \$3.6 billion—and specifically earmarked \$2 billion for Sargent Shriver's Office of Economic Opportunity, combat headquarters for the war on poverty. Predictably, though the figure represents a 25% increase over OEO's current budget, it was nowhere near enough to satisfy everybody. Speaking for the U.S. Conference of Mayors, Detroit's Jerome Cavanagh promptly complained that at least \$3 billion was needed to do the job properly.

By Guess & By God. Johnson is well aware that he will be lucky to get even the \$2 billion that he asked for. In the face of mounting congressional complaints about the high costs and muddled management of his domestic programs, he never once referred in his message to the Great Society or to the War on Poverty (he used the tepid phrase Strategy Against Poverty instead). But if the President was not about to charge ahead with vast new schemes, neither was he ready to retrench. He promised more federal aid to rural areas, where 43% of the nation's poor live, requested \$1 billion for Community Action programs in urban areas, asked for \$135 million to extend the preschool Operation Head Start through the first and second grades.

At midweek the President flew to Nashville, Tenn., to join Lady Bird at the end of her three-day, 1,500-mile tour of Appalachia's schools. "I stood it for two days," he said, after bounding down the ramp of Air Force One and busing Lady Bird, "but I couldn't last out the third one." To mark Andrew Jackson's 200th birthday, the Johnsons breakfasted at the Hermitage, later visited the home of James Polk, a President whose name often gets lost in the jumble between Jackson and Lincoln but who turned the U.S. into a continent-spanning nation by acquiring territory now comprising Arizona, Nevada, New Mexico, Utah, California and parts of Colorado and Wyoming.

Before returning to Washington, Johnson addressed 125 Southern educators and Government officials at Tennessee Governor Buford Ellington's executive mansion in Nashville. Straying from his subject—education and poverty programs—Johnson noted that he was often criticized for spending too much on space exploration. "If we get nothing else from that space program than the photographic satellite," he said, "it is worth ten times over the money we've spent. Without the satellites, I'd be operating by guess and by God. But I know exactly how many missiles the enemy has got."

Westword, Ho! Back in the capital, the President moved to mute growing criticism from labor leaders by announcing

that he was delaying his proposal to merge the Labor and Commerce departments. Faced with criticism from another group—the Governors of the nation's states and territories, who have complained about the confusing proliferation of domestic programs—he had 49 of them over to the White House for a day of discussions and socializing. After a black-tie dinner with them, the President, still in his dinner jacket, chomped over to Dulles International Airport to set out on his long westward journey.

POLITICS

On the Rim

Richard Nixon's well-worn hat settled gently last week on the rim of the 1968 presidential ring. In Bonn, West Germany, shortly after beginning a 21-month world tour, he acknowledged



LUCILLE WILLIAMS IN NEW YORK



POWELL & COMEDIAN DICK GREGORY IN BIMINI

Riots would hardly help.

establishment of a national "Nixon for President Committee" headed by California's former Republican State Chairman Gaylord Parkinson.

Between calls on Britain's Prime Minister Harold Wilson, West Germany's Chancellor Kurt Georg Kiesinger and Foreign Minister Willy Brandt, and Pope Paul VI, Nixon took time out to explain that the formation of the committee was not a formal announcement of his candidacy. "I have made no decision with regard to my own political activities," he said, "and would not make one in the foreseeable future."

Parkinson, 48, the man who got California's Republicans to stop feuding and help elect Reagan Governor, retired as state chairman when his two-year term ended in January. An obstetrician who delivers more votes than babies, Parkinson has been an admirer of Nixon's for nearly two decades. "He is the man most eminently qualified as a national leader," says Parkinson. "He's respected everywhere around the world."

THE CONGRESS

The Basic Issue

All week Adam Clayton Powell kept New York in an uproar over whether he would return to Harlem from his Bimini exile on Palm Sunday. In the end, he disappointed his followers by deciding to tarry a while in his island sanctuary.

Powell's no-show was prompted by prudence: there was a warrant out for his arrest. With a citation for criminal contempt still hanging over him, he appealed for immunity from arrest on Sundays, was turned down 4 to 1 by the judges of the New York Appellate Division. "Surely," the court ruled, "one who disobeys an order during six days of the week is not entitled to an advisory opinion that he may safely ignore it on the seventh." Had Powell come to New York and got himself arrested, there was a strong possibility that Har-

majority to exclude him from the 90th Congress, which lasts until the end of 1968. Certainly, Powell's recent antics have done nothing to increase his popularity among his former colleagues. Last week some 150 Congressmen signed a petition to the Justice Department requesting a prompt investigation of Powell's misuse of Government funds.

Good Case? In the courts, a clear-cut question remains to be answered: Does Congress have the right to establish and judge the qualifications of members-elect, or is it limited to the three criteria mentioned in the Constitution—age, citizenship and state residence? In the past, the House has excluded members on a variety of grounds without interference from the courts. But now that Powell has brought suit to regain his seat, a clash between the judicial and legislative branches may be imminent. On the Hill, many Congressmen argue that the judiciary has no right to intervene in internal congressional affairs. Thus New York Attorney Bruce Bromley, who was retained last week to represent the House, was under instructions to limit his argument to the question of the court's jurisdiction rather than the merits of Powell's case. If the court disagrees, the House may simply ignore it.

House Judiciary Committee Chairman Emanuel Celler, who only last month said that Powell had a "good case" and should "go to court right away," now hopes that the issue can be ducked altogether. "The court," he said, "should never be placed in the position where its decree cannot be enforced." But the issue of who may serve in a democracy's legislature is a basic one, and this may be as good a time as any for the courts to undertake a definitive examination of its constitutional ramifications.

An Off-Blurred Line

Gaunt and visibly fatigued, Connecticut Democrat Thomas Dodd rose to defend himself last week before the Senate's Select Committee on Standards and Conduct. It was more than a year since Washington Columnists Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson had first accused Dodd, 59, of financial irregularities, and he seemed several years older in appearance. "I have read and heard that I betrayed my trust, that I betrayed my oath, and I tell you it has been a hard thing," said the Senator, his voice cracking occasionally. "The best thing for me has been my conscience. My conscience is clear."

In an inquiry that has as much to do with the Senate's own muddy ground rules on ethics as it had with Dodd's alleged misconduct, little else, certainly, has been clear. And cloudiest of all, perhaps, has been Dodd's own judgment.

Superdog. At the outset of the week-long hearing, the Senator conceded a surprising number of potentially injurious facts. In a 162-page stipulation to the committee, he described four differ-

lem would have erupted in rioting—and that would hardly have enhanced his already slim chances of reinstatement in the 90th Congress.

Second Bounce. As far as the April 11 special election for Powell's House seat was concerned, his absence hardly mattered. Even against the well-known James Meredith, he was the prohibitive favorite. Then suddenly last week, Meredith, under intense pressure from Negro leaders, pulled out of the race, and the competition became weaker. Powell's new Republican opponent is Mrs. Lucille Pickett Williams, 50, an attractive grandmother who has no illusions about her chances.

With Powell's re-election a foregone conclusion, the focus shifts back to the basic issue: What will Congress and the courts do next about his exclusion from the House? When he turns up on Capitol Hill with a new certificate of election, no one knows for certain how the House will react—although it has already voted by more than a two-thirds

ent "testimonials" held in his honor between 1961 and 1965—one of them a marathon "Dodd Day" that included a high-priced breakfast, lunch, cocktail party and dinner. The testimonials netted over \$170,000, and Dodd admitted that \$28,500 of the money went to pay off federal tax debts, tens of thousands more to repay personal loans, nearly \$9,500 for improvements on his house in North Stonington, Conn. Smaller sums from the testimonial funds paid for trips to the West Indies and London, lunch tabs at the Senate dining room, liquor bills, Army-Navy football tickets, the rental of a limousine, even a Washington-New London plane trip for his dog.

The Senate committee, composed of three Democrats and three Republicans under the chairmanship of Mississippi Democrat John Stennis, was chiefly concerned with one crucial point. Was the money Dodd's to spend as he saw fit, or was it raised as campaign contributions and therefore unusable for any other purpose? If Dodd's supporters merely meant to present him with gifts, then the money was his—tax-free. If, on the other hand, they were led to believe that they were contributing to his campaign chest, then the Senator's diversion of the funds could put him in deep trouble—not only with his Senate colleagues but with the Internal Revenue Service—for failing to report the personally used funds as taxable income.

Complete Debacle. Dodd argued that his supporters understood "about my financial situation," which, he said, had been precarious since he first ran unsuccessfully for the Senate in 1956. "I got in the hole in '56, and I never was able to get out, and some of these things had to be paid off," he said. His 1958 campaign manager, Paul V. McNamara, concurred sadly that Dodd could not "keep his head above water. His financial affairs were a complete debacle." In 1961, for example, despite an income of \$88,031, plus \$56,110 from testimonials, he ended the year \$149,461 in debt.

At the 1963 Dodd Day festivities in Connecticut, then Vice President Lyndon Johnson was to be the star attraction. Former Dodd aide James Boyd, one of the four ex-staffers who ransacked the Senator's records and fed copies to Columnist Pearson, testified that a Johnson aide named Ivan Sinclair had demanded a letter stating the purposes of Dodd Day. Boyd wrote the letter, he said, but does not remember if he sent it. Earlier this month, Sinclair signed an affidavit for the Stennis committee; its last sentence said that the "purpose of Dodd Day was to raise funds for Senator Dodd's forthcoming 1964 campaign." Then, on the stand Sinclair ripped the affidavit as so much "nit-picking semantics," contended that he had no certain knowledge that the funds were meant for the campaign rather than for Dodd's personal use.

Also at issue was a total of \$10,150 donated to Dodd by officers of the International Latex Corp. Three witnesses, including Boyd, testified that former Latex Vice President Irving Ferman hoped to promote an ambassadorship for Board Chairman A. N. Spanel through Dodd.

Double Billing. Dodd and his lawyer, New Yorker John F. Sonnett, aimed their bitterest attacks at the Senator's onetime bookkeeper, Michael V. O'Hare, one of the four who had scoured the files. O'Hare swore that on five occasions, acting under the Senator's instructions, he had "double billed" the cost of airline tickets, getting reimbursement both from the Senate and from the organization that had invited Dodd to appear. He also told of allowing Dodd to "borrow" \$6,000 from one of the Senator's testimonial accounts to clear up back income taxes and of converting funds from one of

conducted the inquiry punctiliously, the committee's recommendations—which are not due for "some weeks, at least"—were very much in doubt. On an ascending scale of severity, the recommendation could be for exoneration, rebuke, censure or expulsion. Few if any observers anticipate the most severe punishment.

Dodd himself occasionally seemed genuinely confused about the difference between his personal and his political expenses. As he put it to his colleagues in the Senate on the final day: "Just about everything I've done from 1956 to this hour has been intertwined with politics. I rarely remember a time when I had anything in these years that I would say was purely a personal matter." In fact, he added, "when I say personal, I should say personal-political. It is pretty hard for me to distinguish between them."

For a man whose life is politics, the



DODD & ATTORNEY SONNETT
Cloudiest of all was the judgment.

the accounts to money orders to pay for liquor, lunches and country-club bills.

O'Hare's testimony about the "borrowed" money raised a particularly delicate question. As Kentucky's Republican Senator John Sherman Cooper asked at the hearing, if Dodd had really understood the money in the testimonial accounts to be his as a gift—and not a political contribution—why had he carefully avoided writing personal checks against it? Attacking O'Hare's testimony, Sonnett implied that he was a forger, brought in Handwriting Expert Charles Appel, who had testified in the Lindbergh kidnapping case, to show that a number of checks drawn on the account had not been signed by Dodd. The Senator himself, otherwise apathetic, was roused to his only really angry outburst of the week by his former bookkeeper. "Mr. O'Hare is a liar," he snapped. "It's as simple as that. He's a liar."

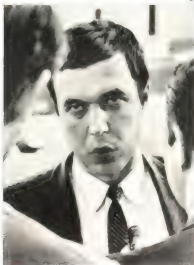
Personal-Political. No one else was likely to call any aspect of the Dodd investigation simple. Although Stennis

line must sometimes be easily blurred. The question is whether it was blurred just a little too often in the case of Tom Dodd—and if so, what penalty he must pay for his faulty vision.

INVESTIGATIONS

The D.A. Wins a Round

Even in the somber setting of a courtroom, New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison's spectacular investigation of the assassination of John F. Kennedy was barely distinguishable from a circus sideshow. In a hearing to determine whether retired Businessman Clay Shaw, 54, should be tried on charges of conspiring with Lee Harvey Oswald and others to murder the late President, "Big Jim" produced only two prosecution witnesses. One was a confessed heroin addict. The other was a young insurance salesman whose impeccable clothing concealed a mind in considerable disarray and whose memory had to be jogged by means of hypnosis. Yet their testimony was enough, in the view of a three-judge



WITNESS RUSSO
A jog for his memory.

panel in Orleans Parish Criminal District Court, to establish "probable cause" and require Shaw to stand trial.

Triangulation of Crossfire. Garrison's star performer was Baton Rouge Insurance Salesman Perry Raymond Russo, 25, who seemed a perfect witness for the prosecution—until the defense began questioning him. Russo said that in September 1963 he heard a plot to kill Kennedy revealed during a late-night party at the New Orleans apartment of David Ferrie, the ex-airline pilot who died last month. Also present were two men whom Russo knew as "Clem Bertrand" and "Leon Oswald." Russo said he had seen Oswald, who was "half-shaven and dirty," once before in Ferrie's apartment—cleaning a rifle. Like the rifle found in the Texas Book Depository, the weapon had a bolt action and a telescopic lens.

During the 1963 party, Russo testified, Ferrie paced up and down, throwing out ideas about "triangulation of crossfire," the need for more than one gunman in the assassination attempt, and the probability that "one of those there on the scene would be a kind of scapegoat—one had to be sacrificed." Discussing escape routes, Ferrie suggested flying to Brazil with a refueling stopover in Mexico, or directly to Cuba. Played in court later was a television interview that Russo gave to a Baton Rouge station last month in which he quoted Ferrie as saying, only a month before the assassination: "We will get him, and it won't be very long."

Garrison turned to the subject of "Clem Bertrand." In a brief note in the Warren Commission exhibits, a "Clay Bertrand" was named as the man who phoned an attorney on the day after the assassination and asked him to defend Oswald. Was Bertrand in the courtroom? Garrison asked Russo. Without a word, the witness strode melodramati-

cally to Clay Shaw and held his right hand above Shaw's head. Shaw did not look up.

Lakeside Fix. Clear as Russo's memory was for the prosecution, it clouded under defense cross-examination. Shaw's lawyers established that Russo had once been under psychiatric care for 18 months, that he had been hypnotized three times by the prosecution physician and that he had been injected with sodium pentothal, the "truth serum," to help him "remember" details. With the defense hammering away, he was unable to recall exactly when or where he met Ferrie, how and when he had arrived at Ferrie's apartment the night he heard of the "plot," how he had traveled home afterward. Shaw's lawyers also noted that Russo said in the TV interview only last month that he did not know a Lee Harvey Oswald. Why had he changed his story? Simple. The "Leon" Oswald he met had a four- or five-day stubble. He had not connected "Leon" with "Lee Harvey" Oswald, he said, until the D.A.'s office spent several hours drawing whiskers on photographs of Oswald. "We tried beard after beard," Russo said.

Equally puzzling was why Russo had not come forward with his story until last month. "I have never pushed myself on anybody," he explained. Besides, he added loftily, he had heard that "every scrawball in the street" was talking to the Warren Commission and he did not want to be a part of such company.

Garrison's second witness, Junkie Vernon Bundy, said that he had seen Shaw and Oswald talking together in the summer of 1963 near Lake Pontchartrain, where he had gone to give himself a fix. He identified Oswald from photographs, picked Shaw out in the courtroom.

In persuading the judges to bind Shaw over for a formal trial, Garrison won Round 1 in his effort to prove that he has "solved" the assassination. But the D.A. will have to produce more than he has so far to obtain a conviction, and he has yet to introduce any evidence to show that Shaw, Ferrie or anyone else helped out when Lee Harvey Oswald squeezed off his murderous shots in Dallas.

CONSERVATION

Last Stand

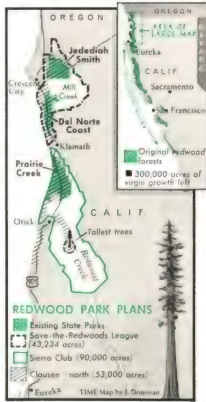
No legacies of the land are more deeply embedded in American emotions than the Grand Canyon and the redwood forests of Northern California. Yet, because of their commercial potential, conservationists have had to fight to preserve them. Only last month they beat off—for the time being—an Administration attempt to build two dams that would have flooded both ends of the Grand Canyon. Now their principal concern is the soaring redwoods (*Sequoia sempervirens*).

Since 1820, loggers have turned 85%

of the redwood forests into building materials. While enlightened lumber companies have long practiced selective logging and reforestation, some still buzz-saw heedlessly through stands of trees that may have been saplings at the time of Christ's birth. Where once the redwoods covered nearly 2,000,000 acres, today only 300,000 acres of virgin trees are left, including 50,000 acres sequestered in scattered state parks.

Prized & Profitable. Standing, in some cases, over 300 ft. high, redwoods are prized by the public—and profitable to the loggers. Their wood is rotproof, termiteproof and practically weatherproof, nonwarping, retentive of paint and, because of its softness, easy to work. Before the days of cheap, non-corrosive metals, it was widely used for sluice boxes, water tanks, pipelines, pier piles, fences and wire casks. Today, homeowners use it for outdoor terraces and to panel both exteriors and interiors. So well does the wood sell that profits sometimes exceed 25% of total earnings. The Arcata Redwood Co., for instance, made \$2,640,000 in 1965 on sales of \$8,930,000. Much of the profit, of course, goes toward reforesting cleared areas with redwood saplings so that a continual supply of the tawny lumber is assured future generations. Though they endure for millennia, the trees achieve their greatest growth in their first 30 to 60 years.

Since redwoods grow only in the moderate, foggy climate of northern Cali-



fornia and southern Oregon, most loggers and conservationists agree that a large national park should be created in that area to preserve the oldest trees amidst their majestic natural setting. But even the most ardent conservationists cannot get together on how many of them should or could be spared. The California-based Sierra Club is calling for a 90,000-acre park (including 13,210 acres already in state parks), which would cost \$140 million to acquire. San Francisco's 49-year-old Save-the-Redwoods League favors a more realistic 43,234-acre site (with 15,471 acres coming from state parks), which would cost \$56 million. Both plans would put hundreds of lumbermen out of work but would ultimately create more jobs—chiefly in the park service—than they would destroy.

Barely a Moment. With President Johnson warning that a national park "is a last-chance conservation opportunity," two plans were introduced this month. Interior Secretary Stewart Udall called for a 43,434-acre site that is similar to the one favored by the Save-the-Redwoods League, and would add 9,190 acres of virgin trees to those already in state parks. California's Republican Congressman Don Clausen proposed a comprehensive plan that would set aside 53,000 acres of seashore and redwoods in the northern part of the state, but would add only 3,000 acres of virgin trees that are not already in existing parks. So deep do passions run that no one plan has attracted enough support to get through Congress.

At the current rate of logging, it will take only 15 to 20 years—barely a moment in the life of the oldest redwoods—for the last stand of unprotected virgin trees to fall. Unless conservationists and loggers strike a compromise, many of the finest specimens of one of America's oldest living heritages could soon be reduced to paneled playrooms.

AGRICULTURE

Poor-Mouthing—or Just Poor?

In Kansas, angry farmers spoke of a "tractor march" on Washington. Across the Midwest, the 250,000-member National Farmers Union planned to boycott auto and farm-equipment makers because of high equipment prices. In 25 states, farmers who earlier this month were selling off some of their breeding stock to avert a threatened oversupply of pigs and calves, last week began dumping milk to drive up prices by 2¢ a quart.

Untold Story. Caught between rapidly rising farm costs (up 2% in the past year) and declining prices for their products (down 7% in the same period), farmers are bitter and increasingly rebellious. "The biggest untold story in America," declares Oren Lee Staley, head of the militant National Farmers Organization and leader of the milk-dumping drive, is the unrest and

dissatisfaction of the farmers." Even nature seems to be conspiring against them. Cutting a wide swath through the southern Great Plains, a serious drought has gravely endangered the winter wheat crop—which accounts for three-fourths of the nation's annual wheat production.

The farmers feel that they have been left out of the national prosperity, and statistics support them—up to a point. Though the income gap has narrowed since 1960, the average farmer can still expect to make only two-thirds as much as a city worker. While most big, efficient farm operators are thriving, the small, family farmer is increasingly being squeezed out by high costs and the big capital outlay that a modern farm demands (\$30,000 for each farm worker v. \$25,000 for each worker in industry). As a result, the number of farms has decreased by 23% (to 3,176,000) in the past seven years.

Real Resentments. Farmers have been known to poor-mouth it in the past. "The farmer will never admit that things are going good," says a farm lobbyist. "But let the fellow next door want to sell out, and he'll find the money to buy that farm." Nonetheless, the farmer's resentments seem real enough—as the Democrats discovered in last November's elections. Last week, to demonstrate the party's concern, Vice President Hubert Humphrey* and Senator Robert Kennedy followed Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman to the National Farmers Union convention in Oklahoma City. Speaking for the Administration, Humphrey pledged farmers an "honest deal" in Washington. "It is time," he said, "that the American farmer received a fair share of our national prosperity. The gap between farm income and income in other parts of our economy—the prosperity gap—must be eliminated." It made fine campaign oratory, but the truth is that the Johnson Administration can do only so much in the face of the harsh economic facts that are making the small, family farmer even more a figure of the American past.

HISTORICAL NOTES

"Be at Peace, Dear Jack . . ."

Nearly 40 months after the assassination, the body of John F. Kennedy last week was moved to its final resting place—a gentle hillside in Arlington National Cemetery about 20 feet from his original grave. Alongside him lay two of his children, Patrick Bouvier, who lived for only two days after his birth in 1963, and a little girl who was stillborn in 1956 and whose grave was marked simply **DAUGHTER**.

Workmen shifted the three caskets

* Soon after his return to Washington, Humphrey slipped in the lobby of his apartment house, chipped a bone in his left wrist, will be in a cast for several weeks.

in the evening gloom, laboring under harsh spotlights. Among the few spectators were Senators Robert and Edward Kennedy, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara and Boston's Richard Cardinal Cushing. After a crane lifted the caskets to their new site, Cushing intoned a brief prayer, then wept. So did the Kennedy brothers.

At 7 the following morning, ten members of the family assembled at the site for a formal, unannounced ceremony. Jacqueline Kennedy arrived clutching a bouquet of lilies of the valley. Lyndon Johnson, invited by Bobby and Jacqueline Kennedy, shared his outsized umbrella with Bobby in the chill, driving rain. Once again, Cushing's unforgettable nasal, New England accent broke



J.F.K.'S FINAL RESTING PLACE
"With your infants by your side."

the stillness at Arlington Cemetery: "Be at peace, dear Jack, with your tiny infants by your side, until we all meet again above this hill and beyond the stars."

The new tomb, bordered by boxwood, magnolia and cherry trees, commands a sweeping view of Washington. As before, the eternal flame, set in the center of a round, light brown stone five feet in diameter, can be seen at night from the capital below. Rough-hewn granite stones, originally cut from a quarry near Kennedy's Cape Cod summer home more than 150 years ago and recently collected from farmyard walls and abandoned foundations in that area, pave the site. On a low semicircular wall are inscribed seven quotations, all from the inaugural address. The black marble slab marking the President's grave bears only a simple inscription: **JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY, 1917-1963**. After the ceremony, five bouquets were placed on the slab, including Jackie's lilies of the valley.

CRIME & THE GREAT SOCIETY

CRIME in the U.S. is a national disgrace. Police blotters are mired in the petty misdeeds of shoplifters and purse snatchers; courts are clogged with the violent felonies of rapists and murderers. By any standard of measurement, the statistics are staggering, and their impact can be felt at every level of American life. One boy in every six will turn up in a juvenile court for a nontraffic offense before he is 18. In some urban areas, nearly half of all the residents stay off the streets at night for fear of attack; a third have grown too cautious to speak to strangers; a fifth have become so terrified that they would prefer to move out of their present neighborhoods. More and more people report that they keep firearms at home for self-protection; watchdogs are becoming as popular as the friendly family pet. There is a growing tendency to believe that the Government cannot or will not protect the average citizen.

At its best, the situation seems virtually impossible. But the truth is even worse. After 18 months of interviews with every available expert, after countless visits to courts and prisons and police stations, President Lyndon Johnson's 19-man Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice concluded that the full story of U.S. crime simply cannot be told. The available statistics, after all, reflect only visible crime: most successful crime is, by definition, secret or invisible. All too numerous are the felonies that intimidated victims never report. And no figures can account for the ordinary consumer or the biked businessman who does not know that he has been cheated. Embezzlement, price-rigging, tax evasion, bribery, graft, are all far more prevalent than the number of cases that are prosecuted.

But if the whole truth can never be known, the partial observations that make up the commission's report are dreadful enough. In a 300-page book delivered last month, it offered the most exhaustive study of U.S. crime to be made in decades. It described a situation so bleak that it threatens the very foundation of the Great Society. It painted a picture so ominous that the implications have yet to be fully appreciated by legislator or layman. The overall crime rate has been spiraling dizzily year after year: it shot up 13% in 1964, 5% in 1965, another 11% last year. In 1965 alone, there were almost 2,500,000 recorded burglaries and major thefts—one for every 80 persons in the nation.

So shocking are the commission's facts that, to the average reader, the only satisfactory solution might seem to require: 1) the razing of all large cities, which spawn one-sixth of the nation's murders, one-third of all its robberies; 2) the strict segregation of all youngsters from 15 to 16 years of age, easily the most lawless group in the country; 3) the destruction of all automobiles, for they are stolen at the rate of half a million a year, and are a vital tool in just about every caper from bank robbery to smuggling; and 4) the elimination of big business, which wittingly and unwittingly encourages illegal financial operations and offers attractive investment opportunities to big-time racketeers.

The committee, of course, was charged with producing more practical suggestions. As might be expected, it began with an examination of the police, the courts, and the prison and parole system—the agencies with which society apprehends, judges, punishes and attempts to reform its criminals. In every area the commission found dangerous deficiencies that are compounding swiftly expanding problems. And in every area it offered recommendations for reform.

The Police

For most individuals, the first brush with the law begins as an encounter with the police. Yet few citizens realize the policeman's true power, the wide area in which he must exercise his discretion, the largely undefined range of his authority. "Crime does not look the same on the street as it

does in a legislative chamber," explains the commission. Police do most of their work in tense, fast-moving situations that have few similarities to a calm court of law. And there are no easy prescriptions for any part of a policeman's immensely varied job. "Keeping streets and parks safe is not the same problem as keeping banks secure. The kind of police patrol that will deter boys from street robberies is not likely to deter men with guns from holding up storekeepers."

Beyond all that, lax gun laws help to ensure that a policeman's life is always on the line. Clearly, the U.S. expects a great deal from its law enforcers—and gives them little. Everywhere in the country, police facilities are understaffed, policemen are underpaid and inadequately trained. To make matters worse, outmoded traditions require all novice policemen, no matter what their education or skill, to start their careers alike—at the bottom. As a result, it is almost impossible to recruit the college graduates and specialists so desperately needed to combat today's sophisticated criminals.

Police chiefs and legislators have been complaining for years about the lack of uniform, countrywide police standards—a problem that is exaggerated by the incredible fragmentation of local police agencies. In the 212 sizable metropolitan areas across the country, there are 313 counties and 4,144 cities, each with its own police force. Many are so small that they must do without crime laboratories.

The commission is convinced that the only way to improve the situation is by amalgamating or pooling thousands of such small police forces so that a single authority can oversee population groups of at least 50,000. It also recommends:

- New, standardized communications equipment to provide most patrolmen with cigarette-pack-size walkie-talkies that would keep them in constant touch with headquarters.
- Computerized operations for large departments, which would vastly increase the speed with which a telephoned alarm can be processed at headquarters and flashed to the squad car closest to the scene.
- Community-relations programs, including regular meetings with neighborhood committees, to explain police problems and purposes and to hear citizens' grievances.

The Courts

Difficult as it is for the police to perform their appointed jobs within the restraints of the law, the problems facing the courts may be even tougher. A U.S. citizen haled before the bar has every right to expect swift and impartial justice. Too often he gets neither. "Our system of justice deliberately sacrifices much in efficiency and even in effectiveness in order to preserve local autonomy and to protect the individual," says the commission. "Sometimes it may seem to sacrifice too much."

Thousands of cases have been pending in local and federal district courts for years. In the crush, prosecutors and magistrates are tempted to bypass the judicial process by dismissing many cases wholesale. Snowed under by the work load, harried judges seldom have the time to learn what they should about the man in the dock. Sentences are handed down to fit the crime, not the defendant.

Conditions in the lower courts are particularly scandalous. Lawyers, witnesses and influence peddlers mill through dank, malodorous corridors as prisoners accused of minor misdeeds are brought before a judge and sentenced by the dozen. President Johnson's commission suggests that misdemeanors should be handled in the felony courts, with their better judges and higher standards. The commission would also abolish the justice of the peace, rural counterpart of the lower court. Today the J.P. still operates in 35 states, and in most of these his pay comes from the fees and fines extracted from parties brought before him. His duties, says the commission, should be transferred to circuit or district courts.

The commission also agreed that the majority of crimes that flood the courts should not be there in the first place. Drunkenness, disorderly conduct, vagrancy, gambling and minor sex violations account for almost half of all arrests. Such behavior is "too serious to be ignored," but "its inclusion in the criminal-justice system raises questions deserving examination." Drunkenness, for example, should be treated at public health "detoxification" stations and kept out of courts entirely, unless it is accompanied by disorderly conduct.

Other recommendations:

- ▶ Selection, rather than election, of judges—with a non-partisan commission of laymen and lawyers screening the choices, and periodically reviewing each judge's performance.
- ▶ Judicial seminars at which judges are taught proper courtroom techniques, learn uniform sentencing standards, meet prison authorities to discuss correctional programs.
- ▶ Re-examination of bail rates to reduce discrimination against poor defendants and put a stop to what has become "a standard crime-pricing system."

Prisons & Parole

For all the troubles of the police and the courts, the prison and parole system seems to be in even deeper difficulty. "The most striking fact about the correctional apparatus today," says the commission, "is that, although the rehabilitation of criminals is presumably its major purpose, the custody of criminals is actually its major task." It is bothered by a vast imbalance. On any single day it has authority over 1,300,000 offenders, but only one-third of them are behind bars. The rest are on probation or parole. It is in the prisons and jails, however, where four-fifths of the system's billion-dollar-a-year budget is spent, where nine-tenths of the correctional employees work.

Most urgently needed is a quick and major increase in the number of parole and probation officers. Many officers carry a work load of over 100 cases each. The average, says the commission, should be 35 cases per officer.

The commissioners are convinced that many more inmates should be paroled. For prison experience unquestionably boosts the chance that an offender will break the law again. In one experiment, conducted by the California Youth Authority, a group of convicted juvenile delinquents were given immediate parole and returned to their homes or foster homes, where they got intensive care from community parole officers. After five years, only 28% of this experimental group have had their paroles revoked, compared to 52% of a comparable group that was locked up after conviction.

Even those who do end up in prison should get far different treatment from that handed out to most of the 426,000 who are now serving time. Too many prisons are grey, forbidding fortresses; some are 100 years old or more. And too many emphasize punishment, to the detriment of rehabilitation. The commission suggests that new prisons should be kept as small as possible. They should have a residential air, and be located near cities and universities, where co-operation with industry and academicians could be easily arranged. At the federal penitentiary at Danbury, Conn., the Dictograph Corp. sponsors a training program for micro-soldering of hearing aids, then employs the trained convicts after their release. Such efforts have proved far more successful than employment of inmates trained in such presently popular prison industries as digging potatoes and turning out auto license plates for the state.

In addition, the commission urges:

- ▶ Expanded prison furlough programs to permit prisoners to keep up family ties or hold part-time jobs outside.
- ▶ Improved prison industries to increase prisoners' vocational aptitudes.
- ▶ Integration of local jails into state correctional systems.

Beyond the Slums

In all, the commission made 200 practical recommendations that add up to an urgent call for new and badly needed laws. The President used the commission's report as the basis for the Safe Streets and Crime Control Act, which he proposed to Congress last month. With \$50 mil-

lion spent in the next fiscal year, and another \$300 million the following year, Johnson would like to encourage community crime-control programs, coordinate the police, the courts and the correction system, spur new police academies, build new crime labs. Such efforts are sorely needed, but they are only a beginning.

It is true enough, says the commission, that "America's system of criminal justice is overcrowded and overworked, undermanned and underfinanced, and very often misunderstood." But even if its operational faults are corrected, it can hardly be expected to offer an appropriate punishment for every imaginable offense, or appropriate prison or parole facility for every type of offender. New York Court of Appeals Judge Charles Breitler sums up succinctly: "If every policeman, every prosecutor, every court, and every post-sentence agency performed his or its responsibility in strict accordance with the rules of law, precisely and narrowly laid down, the criminal law would be intolerable."

The ideal, after all, is to prevent crime, not to concentrate on the arrest, punishment and correction of criminals. And even to work toward that goal means to embark on more research, collect more information than has ever been available before.

The possible areas for investigation are limited only by the imagination of the engineer charged with the building of new technical aids for the police, by the capabilities of the social scientist who is seeking dependable methods of crime deterrence. How is murder to be prevented? The traditional answer is the threat of drastic punishment, but that threat has never been enough. Today, most murders lead to convictions. Yet people continue to kill each other at much the same rate year after year.

Are the young, who are more numerous than ever and promise to expand in numbers faster than ever, really more crime-prone than they have been in the past? Statistics suggest that they are. But how are they to be handled? Increasing urbanization seems to exacerbate their restlessness and their desire to rebel. Affluence all around them, reports the commission, beckons them toward trouble. "An abundance of material goods provides an abundance of motives and opportunities for stealing, and stealing is the fast growing kind of crime."

That so large a proportion of American youth yields to the temptations of crime is ample evidence of a deep malaise. Too often, both the family and the community are failing to fulfill their necessary functions. The commission noted a marked reduction in parental authority; and without strong guidance from a devoted father, it is all too easy for a boy to become a school dropout, to drift aimlessly into petty thievery. Often he sees no alternative to a life of crime, for the vast technological changes since World War II have sharply limited the market for unskilled labor. A high school education is essential for all but the most menial jobs, and frustrated youths, unable to find work, become bored and cynical, convinced that life is a racket, that social responsibility is a joke.

Poverty and the slums it breeds make an enormous problem—for the police, for the churches, for community welfare institutions. They nourish the ghettos of the "inner city," into which embittered, underprivileged millions of non-whites are crammed by social habit and economic necessity. Small wonder that the crime rate is far greater among Negroes than among whites, that they have ten times the white arrest rate for murder, 33 times the arrest rate for burglary. It is equally impressive that under conditions of economic equality, those drastic differences tend to disappear.

In the end, concludes the commission, "a community's most enduring protection against crime is to right the wrongs and cure the illnesses that tempt men to harm their neighbors." Thus the improved police techniques, courtroom reforms and the better jails proposed by the commission will amount to little unless the filth of the slums is attacked with vigor, unless the humiliations of racial discrimination are eased. Until real progress is achieved, the U.S. will have to live with its crime indefinitely. And that, most Americans would agree, is an intolerable prospect.

THE WORLD

SOUTH VIET NAM Vote of Confidence

In a Civilian Future

As Premier Nguyen Cao Ky took off for Guam this week for a meeting with President Johnson, he carried in his briefcase a document—its ink hardly dry—that could affect both war and peace in South Viet Nam as much as any other item on the Guam agenda. The document was South Viet Nam's

new constitution, which an elected Constituent Assembly of 117 Vietnamese citizens completed and approved ten days ahead of schedule so that Ky could show it to Lyndon Johnson. Ky and his fellow generals in the ruling military directory will now have one month in which to propose amendments or changes to the Constituent Assembly which can reject them by a two-thirds vote. After that, South Viet Nam's new constitution will be publicly promulgated,

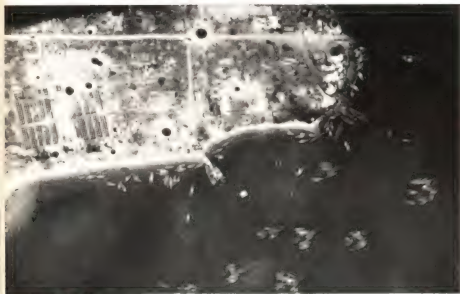
thus setting the stage for presidential elections and a return to civilian rule.

The new charter is a nine-chapter, 117-article vote of confidence in the future, on which the Assembly's deputies have labored in Saigon's old French Opera House since last Sept. 27. In a country that has scarcely ever known freedom, the constitution, as its preamble declares, is aimed at creating "a republican form of government of the people, by the people and for the people." To the 16 million people of South Viet Nam, it represents the hope of having a government genuinely their own for the first time in their history. To the Communist masters of North Viet Nam, it represents a threat as great as anything that could hit them on the battlefields: a living and evolving denial of the Viet Cong claim to speak for the people of South Viet Nam.

Greetings, Everybody. Hopes were not nearly so high when the delegates, elected from every province in South Viet Nam, first assembled to begin their drafting last fall. Only Buddhist pressures in the first place had persuaded the reluctant generals, led by Ky and Chief of State Nguyen Van Thieu, to permit the Constituent Assembly's election. The Viet Cong put some pressures on the new delegates, threatening to kill them all. One deputy, Tran Van Van, was assassinated; another, Dr. Phan Quang Dan, narrowly escaped death when his car was booby-trapped.

In the first few weeks, it seemed that the Assembly itself, rather than the government or the Viet Cong, would prove to be its own worst enemy. Most of the delegates were young (average age: 34), raw and rural, with nothing in their lifetime under the French or the Diem regime to prepare them for free debate or the subtleties of constitution making. Because they were all too representative—Buddhist, Catholic, Chinese, Montagnard, Hoa Hao, Cao Dai—fragmentism and special pleading became the order of the day. Among the first orders that went out were for self-ish perks: drinking water on their desks, more electric fans, a request (withdrawn on second thought) for private cars at their disposal.

Full of self-importance, the delegates drafted and debated for days messages of initial greetings to the Vietnamese Army, the U.S. Army, the U.N., the people of the U.S., the people of Viet Nam. (The only reply they got was from Conservative Texas Oilman H.L. Hunt, who sent each deputy a copy of his own model rightist constitution, "Alpaca.") They got involved in matters clearly beyond their mandate, such as flood relief and benefits for pregnant prisoners. Indeed, for the first 2½ months, the antics seemed particularly appropriate to the hot, humid Opera House.



Exploiting the Feb. 8-11 bombing pause during the Tet holiday truce, North Viet Nam massively stepped up supplies to troops in the South, as shown by these and following pages' photo-

graphs released last week by the Defense Department. Here, the Quang Khe ferry point lies idle on Jan. 29 prior to the pause (top), then erupts in feverish activity on Feb. 9.

Borrowing Everywhere. Finally, however, the deputies elected a permanent chairman: Phan Khac Suu, 62, a commanding, no-nonsense professional who had led the last civilian government before Ky and the generals took over in June 1965. Under Suu's expert gavel, the Assembly sorted itself into loose blocs and got down to work on its real task of writing a constitution. Once under way, the difficult job of framing civilian laws for a nation at war went surprisingly swiftly, as the delegates borrowed freely from the lessons of other nations and adapted them to the practical realities of Viet Nam.

From South Korea they took the concept of a government with both a President and a Premier; the President to be the nation's chief executive with strong central powers, the Premier to be appointed by the President but subject to checks of a strong legislature. That legislature, as drafted, is modeled on American lines, with an upper Senate and lower House—as are the provisions for independent legislative, executive and judicial branches. If anything, the balance is weighted in favor of the legislature, a notion borrowed from pre-Caullist France.

Beyond these main structural provisions, the new constitution promises that there will be no discrimination by reason of religion, race, sex, or political party (except Communists, who are banned). The right of habeas corpus is assured: no one can be imprisoned for indebtedness; "private life, home and correspondence must be respected." Marriage must be based on mutual consent. All censorship is abolished, except for that of motion pictures and plays that undermine traditional Vietnamese morals. The new state "advocates a policy of making the people property owners"—the closest the mainly middle-class deputies come to dealing with the touchy problem of land reform. The deputies also ban military men in uniform from political office. They had wanted to specify that all province chiefs must be elected but, since most chiefs now are military men and many are in war zones, the Assembly has compromised with the generals; it stipulates that for the first four years province chiefs may be appointed by the President.

Anniversary Tribute. As a serious and workable constitution began to take shape, the military directory began to take the Assembly seriously. Having at first ignored the deputies, Ky & Co. began to court them in regular dinner soirees and in private negotiating sessions. Chief negotiator for the directory was Lieut. General Pham Xuan Chieu, who described what evolved: "Our first meetings were very noisy. We were like two football teams. But slowly, slowly, we have begun to follow the rules and they have begun to listen to the referee."

The generals still, to the Assembly's chagrin, consider themselves the referees, whose first duty is the immediate welfare of their nation at war. But

gradually nearly all the principal points of dispute between generals and deputies have been resolved, such as the age minimum for the presidency. It was first vindictively set at 40, which would have excluded Ky, 36, the most likely first President, and opened the way for the less flamboyant, more studious 43-year-old Thieu, Ky's chief rival. In the final draft it is 35, which leaves the two officers to settle between themselves who will resign from the armed forces and run—if not both.

The campaign may not be far off. The generals now are committed to hold presidential elections within six

months of the date of the constitution's promulgation, followed within 18 months by elections for the Senate and House of Representatives. Ky last week indicated that they had no intention of dawdling. In fact, he suggested that the presidential balloting might well take place next Sept. 11 under the supervision of the Constituent Assembly, which will stay on as an interim people's representation until the Senate and House are inaugurated. That would be exactly on the anniversary of the Constituent Assembly's own election—a fitting tribute to the beginnings of genuine democracy in Viet Nam.



Hanoi hastily restored vital bridges during Tet bombing respite. On Feb. 4, center span of Thanh Yen bridge was totally bombed out (top). Five days later, it was carrying full load

of truck traffic on pontoon sections floated into position (bottom). An estimated 23,000 tons of enemy supplies were safely shunted southward under the four-day truck umbrella.

The Enemy's Weapons

There was little ground fighting in South Viet Nam last week, and had weather cut down air action over the North. Yet, ironically, what combat there was reflected an escalation of sorts—by the Viet Cong. In one early-morning raid, the Communists sent 14 Russian-made 140-mm. rockets slamming into the U.S. airbase at Danang, damaging two planes and injuring 16 troops. Northwest of Saigon, Viet Cong mortars and recoilless rifles opened up on the 25th Infantry Division base at Cu Chi, wounding another seven Americans. Elsewhere around the country, enemy mortar shells and rockets were whistling through the air. Quietly but unmistakably, the quality, quantity and firepower of Viet Cong weapons have risen in recent months until in many cases they constitute a fresh and bothersome threat to U.S. units.

Zip Guns & Water Pipes. In the early years of the war, the Viet Cong relied on whatever they could get—ancient weapons left over from other Asian wars, captured American or South Vietnamese arms, even crude homemade zip guns. Rifles were fashioned out of old bicycle parts; a water pipe frequently became a mortar. Then Soviet and Red Chinese arms began trickling down the Ho Chi Minh trail, and the gradual buildup began. Lately, the buildup has intensified, bringing the Viet Cong an abundance of modern weapons and ammunition. "There is no longer anything

ragtag, bobtail or worn out about their main-force weapons," says Major General Joseph A. McChristian, senior American intelligence officer in Viet Nam. "They are first rate." What is more, says McChristian, "we rarely receive reports now of any Viet Cong shortages of small-arms ammunition—or any kind of ammunition."

Thanks mainly to Red China, which supplies 80% of their weapons, the Viet Cong are now equipped with flame-throwers, rifle grenades, 12.7-mm. anti-aircraft machine guns and 120-mm. mortars, in addition to the Russian rockets. The Viet Cong have nothing approaching big U.S. artillery. But they know that no American commander has enough troops to man a defense perimeter extending out to the range of a rocket (five miles) or even of a mortar (3.5 miles). Furthermore, a flak vest—the only real protection against mortar fragments, short of a deep trench—is an intolerable burden for U.S. troops in Viet Nam's stifling heat.

The Viet Cong mortars have so far not really hurt U.S. troops, but they are an effective harassment and, because they put the troops on the unaccustomed receiving line of heavy fire, a psychological advantage for the V.C. The Viet Cong cannot use aerial spotters to adjust their fire, of course, and are handicapped by American radar operators, who are quick to get a fix on their positions. Less than two minutes after last week's shelling of Danang, American batteries were blasting the Viet

Cong. They put the enemy to flight so quickly that eleven rockets were left behind without being fired.

Just as Dead. Far more reliable than their rockets and mortars is the Viet Cong's trusty, Russian-made AK-47, a stubby automatic assault rifle that is more rugged and dependable than the Americans' skittish M-16 rifle. The AK-47, now widely used by Viet Cong troops, fires a 30-round clip compared with the M-16's 20-rounder, is light and quick-loading and has fewer parts to jam. It is so efficient that some individual U.S. soldiers have taken captured AK-47s for their own use in battle, relying on captured arms caches to keep themselves in ammunition. The Viet Cong boast two other 7.62-mm. sharp-shooter rifles—one a sniper's weapon and the other a semiautomatic rifle that is rated excellent by U.S. arms experts.

Along with their fancier weapons, the Viet Cong still have plenty of old-style arms that can kill someone just as dead as the new ones. Several of their heavy machine guns predate World War II, and most of them have steel-rimmed wooden wheels. Since the Viet Cong are truck-poor, their Chinese 75-mm. recoilless rifle, which was designed for vehicle mounting, comes simply on two wheels so that it can be dragged overland manually. Then there are the even more rustic land mines, booby traps and Rube Goldberg-style gadgetry that the Viet Cong sometimes seem to prefer even to their newly acquired modern amenities. Not long ago, an American patrol near a 1st Air Cavalry base in the Central Highlands came across a monster crossbow hidden in the jungle. It was cocked at the sky, ready to shoot a six-foot spear into some unsuspecting chopper.

RED CHINA

Canton in Canton

In pre-Communist days, Canton was China's historic capital of insurrection. Secret societies flourished in the teeming tenements of the wealthy southern metropolis, and assassination was a familiar way of death. It was in Canton that the Opium War began. It was there that Sun Yat-sen's revolution broke out.

Under Mao Tse-tung, Canton (pop. 2,500,000) apparently is still the same old city. While the rest of China has been subsiding toward some measure of normality, pro- and anti-Mao factions in Canton last week continued to fight the battles of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. Radio Canton warned that local party officials opposing Mao were "increasingly more cunning, insidious and vicious." The Maoist *Southern Daily* shrieked that the "crucial moment" was at hand in the clash be-

Heading south toward the Mu Gia pass between North Viet Nam and Laos, this convoy of enemy trucks on Feb. 9 was part of a truce flow 22 times larger than Hanoi dares attempt under U.S. attack.



tween Canton's "two classes, two roads and two lines in the cultural revolution."

Then Mao stopped the clock in Canton. According to Radio Moscow, the People's Liberation Army moved as many as 180,000 soldiers into Canton, took over the civil and police administration. Army trucks laden with red banners and colored posters of Mao, their roofs hung with red bulbs, cruised through the streets announcing the take-over, touching off a massive demonstration. It was the sort of mobilization of the masses that Mao's name can still conjure, as thousands milled about waving flags, beating drums, clanging symbols and singing Maoist anthems.

The cantonment of Canton by the army added the city and its province, Kwangtung, to the roster of five other provinces—Shensi, Kweichow, Heilungkiang, Shantung and Kiangsu—that the Maoists claim to have fully captured for the revolution with army aid. Three days later, Radio Peking proclaimed that the army had taken over industrial and agricultural production in three more southern provinces. In his struggle to impose his will on China's 750 million people, Mao has clearly turned to dependence on the army instead of the Red Guards.

INDIA

Accent on Pragmatics

Though Indians revere many gods, they raise their right hand to none, nor swear by any book or document. Last week, with her hands folded aimlessly at her waist, Indira Gandhi once again became India's Prime Minister with a simple promise to carry out her duties "without fear or favor, affection or ill will." Thereupon she announced a new 18-man Cabinet that will have to deal with the severest problems in India's 20 years of independence. Since most of her enemies in the Congress Party were defeated in last month's general elections, Indira had a relatively free hand in choosing her ministers. As a result, ten of the 18 were new ones. Said Indira: "The Cabinet combines new blood with old stalwarts."

Old or new, the faces and names of the new ministers told a good deal about the course that India's new government would try to steer.

► In economics, the emphasis was on pragmatists, who would do what was good for India rather than follow the wasteful shibboleths of Indian-style socialism. The new Finance Minister, Morarji Desai, 71, who is also Deputy Prime Minister, will encourage foreign businessmen to invest in India. Planning Minister Asoka Mehta, 55, intends to cut back on bureaucratic state control of business, and took on the added portfolio of chemicals and petroleum in order to give new impetus to the drive to build more artificial-fertilizer plants in India. Commerce Minister Dinesh Singh, 41, intends to push Indian sales to Western Europe.

► Family planning finally got a friend

in Sripati Chandrasekhar, 48, a world-famed demographer who became the new Minister of State for Health. He replaces Sushila Nayar, a cheerful but backward-looking spinster who had never shown any enthusiasm for birth control programs and, in fact, sometimes did not even bother to spend her department's allocated budget. Chandrasekhar, who plans to emphasize the use of the loop contraceptive for women, will enforce an all-out program to reduce India's birth rate.

► As for food, the new minister was certain to bring a sense of urgency to the job. He is Jagjivan Ram, 58, the leader of India's 65 million "untouchables," who, as the country's poorest caste, have been hit hardest by the food shortages. Ram's first project: to bore deep wells in such drought-stricken areas as his home state of Bihar to provide needed water for crop irrigation. He faces a terrifying task: keeping India's 500 million people from slipping into starvation if this year's crops fall below expectations—as they well may.

► India could go a long way toward closing its \$1 billion a year trade gap if only it attracted more tourists. Indira selected an interesting man from an interesting state for the job. New Tourism Minister Karan Singh, 36, is the Maharajah of Kashmir and, as such, is the first Indian prince ever to serve in a Cabinet. His talents as a Sanskrit scholar, poet and pianist attracted Indira's attention. The question now is whether he can help India project an image that lures more tourists—and hard currency—to the country.

INDONESIA

The New Order

At long last, after months of delays and confusion, Indonesia's Sukarno was removed as his country's chief of state. The People's Consultative Congress, Indonesia's highest legislative body, stripped him of his presidential powers and turned them over to General Suharto, the strongman who already exercised them in fact.

Indonesia reacted with unexpected calm to the fall of Sukarno, who declared Indonesia's independence from The Netherlands in 1945 and has reigned as sole ruler for 22 years. The golden presidential flag no longer flew from his Bogor Palace outside Djakarta, to which Sukarno retired last week to await the return of his Japanese wife Ratna Sari Dewi, 27, from Tokyo, where she recently gave birth to a daughter. Almost overnight, his picture disappeared from government offices. Sukarno will henceforth be referred to only as "Doctor Engineer" Sukarno, in deference to his academic training, will not be allowed to travel inside or outside the country without Suharto's permission.

Foreign Minister Adam Malik explained why Sukarno must move out of the ornate, white Merdeka (Freedom) Palace in Djakarta: "It is like a former government servant staying in a govern-



SUKARNO COMING DOWN, SUHARTO GOING UP
Reasonableness and compromise.

ment house." But General Suharto, who does not want to give Sukarno's backers reason to rebel, is in no rush to go too far in punishing him, himself prefers to continue living in his modest one-story house. "Let him keep his ornaments," says Suharto. "What harm does it do?" As he was sworn in as Indonesia's new chief executive last week, Suharto continued that note of reasonableness and compromise: "Winners are we all. Neither group has been defeated in this Congress, nor has one been victorious. It is the people's interest that has won. The winner is the New Order."

Severe Damage. The first task of the New Order is to clean up the incredible economic mess that Sukarno has made of Indonesia. As a Dutch colony before World War II, Indonesia supplied one-fifth of the world's tea, one-third of its rubber and palm oil, two-fifths of its kapok and four-fifths of its pepper. Scattered throughout Indonesia's 3,400 verdant islands are rich mineral deposits—gold, tin, bauxite, tungsten—and oil reserves. "Indonesia is rich in natural resources," says Suharto, "but the damage done to our country's economy has been severe."

After the Dutch departure, the riches were left largely untouched while Sukarno pursued what he called "mental investments"—big prestige projects that he built by borrowing or just by having his central bank crank out billions of new rupiahs. Djakarta is a monstrous monument to Sukarno's excesses. The opulent Hotel Indonesia, where a full-sized orchestra sometimes plays to a handful of guests, stands like an ocean liner moored in a cesspool. Thousands of gawking Indonesians stream through the Sarinah department store (named for Sukarno's childhood nurse) to view goods that they cannot afford, including chewing gum at 70¢ a pack and Rensson lighters at \$20. Amid the shacks and open *kali-kali* (canals), in which the im-

poverished populace both bathes and relieves itself, stand the rusty skeletons of unfinished skyscrapers and the crumbling concrete shells of uncompleted conference halls—symbols of Sukarno's megalomaniacal dream of turning the city into the capital of the underdeveloped world.

All Sukarno actually accomplished was to bring his once rich land to the edge of ruin and total bankruptcy. His print-now, pay-never policies caused the postwar world's worst inflation, which has sent the Indonesian cost of living up an incredible 80,000% in the past six years. More than 40% of the national airline's planes are unflyable for lack of spare parts. The country owes \$2.3 billion in foreign debts, has no financial reserves and next to no credit. Its exports have plummeted, its industries are oper-

THE PHILIPPINES

Return of the Huks

For eleven hours one day last week, Philippine Constabulary troopers nervously ringed a low frame house in the town of Mababacat, 55 miles northwest of Manila. Finally, an officer arrived with a search warrant. What the Constabulary found inside was worth waiting for: shadowy Dominador Garcia, 34, alias Commander Fly, the No. 3 man in the Hukong Magpapalaya sa Bayan,* the backwoods Communist guerrillas known as Huks. Garcia surrendered without a fight.

The arrest underscored the resurgence of an old menace that has returned to plague the 15-month-old regime of President Ferdinand Marcos. In the late 1940s and early '50s, the

fluences. The Huk organization is small, dedicated and tightly disciplined. Led by Faustino Delmundo, alias Commander Sumulong, it has purposely kept down its size so as not to attract the main force attention of the Philippine military. The terrorist arm of the movement comprises no more than 160 killers (supported by another 150 local armed guerrillas), who roam the central Luzon countryside in bands of three or four, meting out instant reprisals to anyone who dares defy Huk orders. In the past year, 84 Filipinos, including some anti-Huk mayors, police and other officials, have died in fusillades of Huk bullets. Says Brigadier General Rafael Iletto, who leads the 3,000-man Constabulary force in the Huk area: "If you are the only man with a .38 in the *barrio*, that *barrio* belongs to you." The Huks are the men with the guns.

The Huks have set up their own courts, which are the law of the land in broad stretches of central Luzon. Huk justice is swift and decisive: cattle thieves and rapists, for example, are often executed on the spot. Huk agents exact tribute and taxes from thousands of Filipinos. The biggest collection center is Angeles City near the U.S. Air Force's Clark Field. Maids for American families must pay five pesos (\$1.25) monthly to the Huks; Huk treasurers take a big rake-off from the gambling parlors and bars frequented by U.S. troops.

Influence & Power. The Huk aim is simple: to eradicate U.S. influence in the islands and set up a Communist-style "people's democracy." Remembering their earlier mistakes, the Huks no longer call for instant revolution but aim instead at a gradual subversion of the country's political system. That work is carried on by an estimated 1,500 so-called "legal cadres," members who carefully skirt the law forbidding Communism in the Philippines. Many of them openly strive to win positions of power. According to Filipino intelligence estimates, at least 176 *barrio* captains, dozens of mayors, a handful of Congressmen and at least one, possibly two, provincial governors are either Huks or under Huk discipline.

The Huks already have control in varying degrees of 1,400 square miles and 500,000 people, but their political power is growing even faster than their geographic boundaries. Two weeks ago, the Huks were able to get together 150 buses and 5,000 Pampanga villagers to drive into Manila and complain to Marcos about the "brutality" of the Constabulary, which is the chief hunter of the Huks. Matters might be much worse if the Huks and their urban comrades, the Communist Party of the Philippines, could get along. Fortunately, they are so split by ideological and personal rivalries that they have so far been unable to agree on any concerted action.

Hopelessly Poor. Trying his best to contain the Huk threat, Marcos has launched in central Luzon a civic-action program that has built 178 new schools,



HUK HUNTER ILETTO



DEAD HUKS IN PAMPANGA PROVINCE

Not to mention the terror that binds.

ating far below capacity, and unemployment is massive among its 107 million people.

Bright & Young. Can Indonesia be saved? Suharto believes that, with Sukarno gone, it can. His economic advisers—mostly bright, young, Western-educated men—have already taken such emergency steps as halting all "show building" construction, balancing the 1967 budget to try to rein in inflation, tightening credit and arranging for a stretched-out schedule for the repayment of foreign debts. But Indonesia badly needs outside technical aid and foreign investments to turn its potential riches into reality. Many foreign firms, including several American ones, are already negotiating with Suharto to come in (TIME, Jan. 27). Many more can now be expected to follow. To encourage them, Suharto's men have introduced a new tax-exemption law for foreign enterprises, and are beginning to return companies seized during Sukarno's days to their rightful owners.

Huks nearly tipped over the Manila government before they were decimated and pushed back into the hinterlands by Ramon Magasaysay. Now, capitalizing on the erosion of law and order that has spread across the country despite Marcos' reforming policies, the Huks are once more stepping up their activity in their old stomping grounds in central Luzon—particularly in four provinces. Says Senator Manuel P. Manahan, chairman of the Philippine Senate's National Defense and Security Committee: "The Huks have established an invisible government in Pampanga [north of Manila], in western sections of Bulacan and in the southern fringes of Nueva Ecija and Tarlac. They have entrenched themselves in four vital activities: Huk taxation, Huk justice, Huk business and Huk politics."

Instant Reprisals. Not to mention Huk terrorism, which is the tie that binds together all the other Huk in-

* Tagalog for People's Liberation Army.

even comes waxed

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DOUGLAS
Family of Jets

dug dozens of wells and irrigation ditches and paved dirt roads. But the area is so hopelessly poor that his efforts have made little impact. The President's fear is that the Huk movement will spread to other impoverished areas before he can stamp it out in Luzon. "The battle can start any time," says Marcos. "If I must end my political career going after the Communists, I wouldn't mind it."

FRANCE

A Not Unspeakable Pain

For a man who had just lost 40 seats in the National Assembly, President Charles de Gaulle was in remarkably good spirits. Summoning his Cabinet to the Elysée Palace less than 72 hours after the close of last week's elections, the great man greeted his ministers with friendly compassion instead of the outsize wrath he has displayed on former occasions when his team let him down. He even asked each of the Cabinet's 28 members to give a blow-by-blow account of his own electoral battles, delivered a wryly appropriate quote from Vergil when Veterans' Affairs Minister Alexandre Sanguinetti found it hard to talk about his defeat by 166 votes. "*Infandum, regina, iubes renarrare dolorem*," murmured De Gaulle.—"Unspeakable is the pain, O Queen, that you command me to relieve."

De Gaulle's own pain was obviously far from unspeakable. Almost cheerfully, he pointed out that many of his losing candidates had been defeated only by the narrowest of margins. Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville, for example, came within 235 votes of victory—and Couve had hardly been a dynamic campaigner. All in all, according to De Gaulle's calculations, a shift of 10,000 votes in the right places would have turned 35 Gaullist losers into winners. "That's not serious," he told his Cabinet. "It is a situation that will redress itself."

Besides, it was not as if the Fifth Republic had lost the election. Despite their unexpectedly poor showing, the Gaullists had still captured at least 244 of the Assembly's 487 seats, and could count on the support of a handful of Deputies who had won as independent moderates. De Gaulle's majority had been reduced to a minimum, but it was still very much intact. The opposition might be stronger, but it was still the minority. As in the previous Assembly, it could oppose the government but not replace it. "It's always the same verbalism from the left," said De Gaulle.

Common Positions? The general's leftist opposition, however, had certainly done far better than anyone expected. Voting together for the first time in three decades, French Communists and Socialists pooled their forces against Gaullist candidates in last week's run-



LOSER COUVE
Blow-by-blow.

off elections and found that the alliance paid off handsomely. The Communists pulled their usual 20% of the vote but nearly doubled their parliamentary strength, from 41 to 73. François Mitterrand's Federation of the Democratic Socialist Left gained 25 seats, for a total of 116.

Not surprisingly, both parties immediately started talking of extending the leftist alliance beyond the elections. At a meeting of Socialist leaders, Mitterrand put through a resolution calling for the "immediate creation of a permanent delegation of the left" to work out parliamentary tactics with the Communists. Waldeck Rochet, the balding boss of the French Communists, went even farther. The party's aim, he declared, was that "all groups and Deputies of the left reach common positions on the essential questions, national and international."

Always Evasive. Despite all the words and resolutions, though, the Socialists and Communists are not about to form a full-scale leftist front. Beneath the current display of comrade-



COMMUNIST ROCHET
Just us chickens.

ship lie decades of bitter enmity, of unforgotten Communist boasts that they would "pluck the Socialist chicken" and Socialist taunts that the Communists were "not left but East." The differences have not been buried. The Socialists still agree with De Gaulle's assessment that "the Communists are not a French party" but "an army" that takes its orders from Moscow. Socialist leaders do not miss the fact that French Communists are always evasive when asked point-blank whether they would like to turn France into a Moscow-styled people's democracy.

Whatever the chances of alliance, the Communists emerged from the elections stronger than at any time since De Gaulle came to power. They have, as the French say, been "*dédaunés*"—released from customs. Also, for the first time in the Gaullist era, they are expected to drop their role of sullen isolation in the Assembly, take part in its organization and committees. If they do so, they will, like the other major parties, elect a vice president of the Assembly, who will take his turn at presiding. Communist Deputies will likely be among French parliamentary delegations to the Council of Europe and the Common Market Assembly in Strasbourg.

Welfare Year. The elections will probably have little effect on Gaullist policies. If anything, the new Assembly can be expected to give more support than ever to his drive for closer relations with Eastern Europe and more distant relations with the U.S. and NATO. If there are changes, they will be almost entirely in social and economic policy. De Gaulle has already promised the voters that 1967 will be the great "*Année Sociale*"—Welfare Year. At some point after the Assembly opens, he will also probably make some changes in his Cabinet: Premier Georges Pompidou, who won handily in his own district, seems likely to remain, but Loser Couve de Murville is expected to be replaced. Apparently, though, De Gaulle is not overly disappointed with the makeup of the Assembly itself. The opposition will be strong enough to give his government constant trouble but too weak to put it in mortal danger. Besides, if the Assembly gets too rambunctious, the general can always legally dissolve it and call new elections.

BRAZIL

A Post of Moral Command

I know that to govern is the most difficult art of all, since it deals with the evasive nature and changeable feelings of men, who yearn to live in peace and reach at least a minimum of happiness.

With these words, Artur da Costa e Silva last week set the tone and style for his term as Brazil's 22nd President. Governing is not only an art in modern Brazil but also a rather exclusive one: both Costa and his predecessor are for-

* The *Aeneid*, Book II, in which Aeneas recounts to Dido how the Greeks sacked Troy.

mer army generals whose power rests as much on military support as on constitutional provisions. Yet last week, as he was inaugurated in the capital of Brasília, Costa showed by word and deed that he will be no carbon copy of outgoing President Humberto Castello Branco.

While Castello Branco is at heart a homebody who prefers to shun the limelight, Costa is an ebullient man about town who loves to put a few cruzeiros on his favorite horse, chat with attractive women and tell amusing stories on himself. Last week, as the two men marched up the aisle of Brasília's Chamber of Deputies building for the swearing-in, a grim Castello Branco looked straight ahead; Costa, relaxed and en-

WINCHELL



COSTA E SILVA & WIFE AT INAUGURATION
Practitioner of an exclusive art.

joying himself, threw genial glances to friends and relatives. After the oath of office, Castello Branco stiffly shook hands with Costa's wife, Iolanda; Costa, by contrast, warmly kissed the hand of his predecessor's daughter, then those of Castello's two granddaughters.

Root of Humanism. Far more substantial differences showed up in Costa's new program, which he announced to the country. Castello Branco ran Brazil with graphs, charts and a cold eye for results; Costa hopes to "humanize" the revolution that first put the military into power in 1964. "Social humanism," Costa told Brazilians last week, "will be the most profound root of my government." Gently divorcing himself from the harsh economic and social controls that made Castello Branco unpopular, Costa promised more homes, hospitals, schools and "comforts" for the poor, and a broad program of public works to spur national development and investment.

That did not mean that he was abandoning Castello Branco's war against inflation. "But the government," he said, "will do all it can to balance the control of inflation with national development."

Costa called as well for closer government relations with labor unions and students, and a completely independent foreign policy that could bring broader relations with Russia and other East-bloc countries. As Costa sees it, his new job is "above all a post of moral command."

To execute his command, Costa passed over all of Castello Branco's old ministers and picked a new set of faces and personalities for his Cabinet—some of whom had voiced opposition to Castello Branco. In as Foreign Minister came Banker José Magalhães Pinto, who had called Castello Branco's government reactionary. As his Minister of Planning, Costa picked Economist Hélio Beltrão, who feels that Castello Branco's stiff austerity policies should be relaxed.

A Military Man. For all his promises and differences, Costa is not about to undo everything that Castello Branco did. The military, which holds eleven of his 22 Cabinet seats, is still clearly running things in Brazil. Even before his presidency, Costa was first and foremost a military man who, in fact, helped shape the policy of Castello Branco's government. Under Brazil's new constitution, which replaces Castello Branco's virtual rule by decree, Costa himself still retains certain powers of decree, which he would probably not hesitate to use if Congress got in his way. Costa suggested as much last week, when he vowed to uphold the aims of the 1964 revolution. "My methods may be different," he said, "but the objectives are the same."

SWITZERLAND

The Chase

The Swiss pride themselves on discreetly welcoming even the most notorious guest, but even they were hard put last week to keep their cool. Into their midst dropped perhaps the biggest defector ever to leave the Soviet Union, Stalin's daughter Svetlana. That was bad enough, but it was nothing compared with the force of 200 reporters and TV cameramen that fanned across the country in search of Svetlana, to whom the Swiss gave a visa and the promise of privacy. While Swiss detectives plotted the newsmen's progress like generals keeping tabs on enemy guerrillas, the international press pack prowled the chalets from Davos to Geneva, traveling in rented cars and helicopters, haranguing hotel clerks for information and passing out rivers of Swiss francs in useless tips and bribes.

As more facts became known about Svetlana's defection, it became clear that it was a long-considered and well-planned move. Svetlana was not getting along with the leaders of the Kremlin, who have taken a special interest in her since her father's death. They provided her with a flat in Moscow, a car and a dacha in the country. Then a year ago, Svetlana married her third husband, Indian Communist Brajesh Singh, whom

she had met in Moscow. For unknown reasons, the Kremlin opposed the marriage but reluctantly allowed it to take place. After that, the Soviet government took away many of Svetlana's special privileges and had her closely watched. When Singh died last year at 59, the embittered Svetlana decided to defect. To this end, she asked for and obtained permission to carry his ashes to India for the traditional immersion in the Ganges. Sometime in mid-December she arrived in New Delhi.

A Phone Call. Soon after Svetlana had performed the Hindu rites for her husband, she met Indira Gandhi at a reception and took the opportunity to ask for asylum. She was rebuffed by Mrs. Gandhi, who told her that she was worried about "international complications." When she came to the U.S. embassy to seek asylum two weeks ago, the Americans had the same concern. They helped her to get to Geneva, where the Swiss last week spirited her away to an Alpine retreat in Beatenberg (pop. 1,200), about 26 miles from Berne. Living in a small hotel, the Jungfraublick, Svetlana relaxed for two days in the crisp air, enjoyed a breathtaking view of the Jungfrau and other peaks. Feeling confident, she strolled to a nearby ski shop to buy a parka and ski pants, more appropriate to the surroundings than the olive two-piece suit that she wore. It was her undoing. The store owner recognized her and phoned the news to the sensationalist Zurich tabloid Blick, which offers money for all such tips.

As soon as the morning editions of Blick were out with the news of Svetlana's retreat, squadrons of reporters were on the way to Beatenberg. But Swiss police had learned of the telephoned tip and once again packed Svetlana's scant belongings and whisked her away. Though told that she had left hours ago, reporters nevertheless swarmed over the Jungfraublick, running through corridors, interviewing maids and offering bribes to anyone who would talk. Finally, the chase ended when a miniskirted servant girl looked through the keyhole of Svetlana's room and proclaimed: "She's gone! She's gone!" Swiss Police Commissioner Ernst Spoerri assured everyone that by then Svetlana had settled at least 80 miles away.

Uncertain Future. At week's end, Svetlana was still safely hidden somewhere in the vast mountainous reaches of Switzerland. "We have now taken her to a place that is somewhat less accessible to the general public," said Commissioner Spoerri, in a sporting challenge to foot-sore reporters. "Don't ask me where." Wherever she is, the red-haired defector is contemplating an uncertain future. So long as she continues to stay out of sight, however, refraining from making public statements about her troubles back in Russia that might create an embarrassment for the Swiss, Svetlana is likely to be allowed to stay.

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PEOPLE

It was a bit of a shock when **Charlotte Ford**, 25, Henry II's elder daughter, slipped off to Juárez, Mexico, in December 1965, to marry Greek Shipping Magnate **Stavros Niarchos**, who was 32 years her senior. But no one was especially surprised last week when Charlotte allowed that she was on her way back to Juárez. Though the Niarchoses have a ten-month-old daughter, Elena, for the past year Charlotte has been living in Manhattan, while her husband has been traveling around Europe and Africa. Last week, after working out a financial settlement for her daughter, Charlotte flew to Mexico with her mother and sister and got a quickie divorce.

Within the week: Actor **George Hamilton**, 27, was reclassified 1-A and said, "I will go whenever and wherever my country sends me"; **Stokely Carmichael**, 25, head of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, was reclassified 4-F, saving him the trouble of keeping his promise not to serve if called; Heavyweight Champion **Muhammad Ali-Cassius Clay**, 25, his appeals exhausted, was ordered to report for induction on April 11, and said he'd rather die first.

Like Odysseus, Greek Shipping Millionaire **Aristotle Onassis**, 60, seems compelled to wander endlessly over the wine-dark sea. At least his raft is pretty comfortable. And so is the company. This time Ari and his constant companion, **Maria Callas**, 43, drifted into Nassau harbor aboard *Onassis's* 325-ft., \$3,000,000 yacht *Christina*, a magnificent barge that comes equipped with its own twin-engined seaplane, swimming pool and crew of 50. After posing



CHARLOTTE FORD IN JUÁREZ
Slipping back.

in the rosy-fingered dawn for a photographer from the Bahamas Ministry of Tourism, the wanderers steamed off toward Palm Beach.

The engineering students at the University of Detroit admitted that they were "too chicken" to call up General Motors themselves. So they contacted the Detroit Free Press's troubleshooting "Action Line" to ask if the paper might be able to arrange a G.M. courtesy car for their guest speaker to use for a couple of days. Sure, said G.M., when the paper called. The company rolled out a 1967 Chevy with shoulder harnesses, head braces, disc brakes, emergency flasher switch, freeway lane-changer signal, padded instrument panel and energy-absorbing steering column. It remained to be seen whether all that would satisfy the guest speaker: Auto Critic (*Unsafe at Any Speed*) **Ralph Nader**, 32.

Inside the polling station at Moscow's Secondary School No. 70, the face was familiar and the voting proctors did not demand the customary identification papers. **Nikita Khrushchev**, 72, looking considerably older and thinner, quietly folded his ballot and dropped it into the urn, casting his meaningless vote for his Moscow district's unopposed candidate for the Supreme Soviet, or Parliament. The candidate's name: Alexei Kosygin, the fellow who, with Leonid Brezhnev, put Khrushchev out of a job two years ago. It was a rare public appearance for Nikita Sergeevich, and a crowd of nearly 1,000 collected outside the school to call "Good day!" and "Long life!" Why such a crowd? reporters asked. "You know," he explained, as he walked back to his modest apartment two blocks away, "I worked in Moscow a long time."

He was dismayed when he returned to New York in 1964 and discovered the first philistine skyscrapers being stuck

into Manhattan "like pins in a pin cushion." But what really shattered Author **Henry James** was a stroll through his once beloved Washington Square. He searched for the house at No. 21 Washington Place where he was born, and found the site occupied by a dreary clothing factory. "Its effect for me," he wrote later, "was of having been amputated of half my history." It also rankled James that the city of New York had not seen fit to erect a small monument at the birthplace of a man who had made his mark in American letters. Now New York University has corrected the oversight by unveiling a plaque on its Brown Building on Washington Place. NEAR THIS SPOT STOOD THE BIRTHPLACE OF NOVELIST HENRY JAMES (1843-1916) INTERPRETER OF HIS GENERATION ON BOTH SIDES OF THE SEA.

"Lustrous, shining, glowing, majestic, lush, delicate, brilliant, glorious!" raved the Jackson Daily News. The improbable girl who brought those glories to Mississippi was Metropolitan Opera Soprano **Leontyne Price**, 40, making her first home-state appearance since 1963. Negroes are not often greeted so warmly in Mississippi, but the integrated crowd in Jackson Coliseum met Leontyne with a standing ovation at the start of the concert, interrupted her repeatedly with applause in the middle of song cycles—until she gently asked them to wait till the cycles were over. After that, Leontyne traveled to Atlanta to sing to a packed house in the Municipal Auditorium with the Atlanta Symphony. Shouts of "Bravo!" and "More, more!" followed each of her three encores. At the end, the orchestra laid down its instruments and joined in cheering fortissimo.



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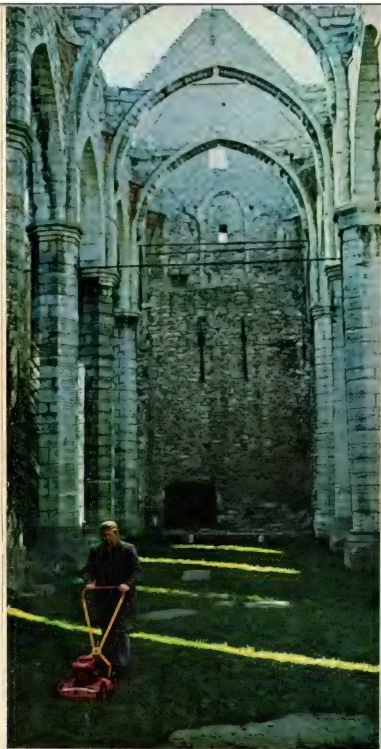
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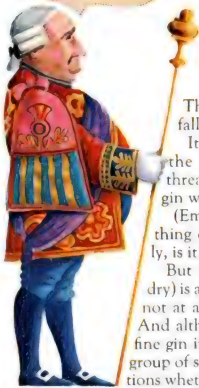
(in all of Europe, for that matter) than any other transatlantic or transpolar airline.

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There are some who are hoping we fall flat on our juniper berries.

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EDUCATION

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Academic Sickness in New York

Every day, somewhere in New York City's public-school system, at least one teacher is shoved or struck by recalcitrant students; uncounted others are cursed and threatened with beatings. Last week, in the wake of 13 such student assaults in the past six months, teachers at Bronx Junior High School 98, where 96% of the students are either Negro or Puerto Rican, finally got fed up. Among other things, they asked Principal James Mandel and the school board to provide more protection than the single patrolman already on full-time duty there, give them the right to kick abusive students out of class. When school-board officials failed to meet the demands, 79 teachers—about 30 of them women—protested by turning in their resignations. After a three-day walkout, they were persuaded to return.

The mass resignation was just the latest painful symptom of the sickness that prevails in the nation's largest and least efficient public-school system. To service a student population of more than 1,000,000, and pay a teacher staff of 54,600, New York next year proposes to spend \$1.1 billion—more than is spent by 26 states to operate their entire governments. The budget breaks down to an expenditure of about \$1,000 a year per student, roughly \$400 above the national average; teacher salaries are among the highest of large U.S. cities. Yet the results are academically deplorable: recent surveys showed that New York students ranked well below national norms in such basic skills as reading and arithmetic.

Trapped. Appalled by the inadequacies of the system, middle-class white parents are increasingly steering their children into private and parochial schools or moving out to the suburbs.

Last week a new census disclosed that a majority of New York's students are now Negroes (29.3%) or Puerto Ricans (20.9%)—a situation common to many other major cities.* As it happens, the Negroes and Puerto Ricans, who see education as a way for their children to escape the ghetto, are no happier about the schools than the whites. "They put all their faith in the schools," says a consultant to the Office of Economic Opportunity, "but they know the schools are doing a lousy job on their kids and feel trapped." It is also true, of course, that many ghetto parents expect the schools to perform miracles in overcoming their own neglect of family obligations.

Nonetheless, the parents have cause for complaint. P.S. 80, for example, is an obsolescent fortress, erected in 1924, that serves Manhattan's East Harlem district. Nearly all of the 886 students in the primary grades are Negro or Puerto Rican. An alarming 82% of its second-graders, 90% of its fourth-graders and 94% of its fifth-graders read below national norms. Every year, more than half of the students shift to another school as their parents change tenements. Of those who remain at P.S. 80, half will drop out of high school.

"Educational Genocide." Last December, parents became so angry over the inadequacies of P.S. 80 and other ghetto schools that they formed a self-styled "People's Board of Education," held a rally to berate the appointed school board for its policy of "educational genocide" and demand that the schools be turned over to local control. But when an assistant principal asked quietly: "All right, what do you really

want us to do in the schools?" the audience was agonizingly silent. Last week parents of students at West Harlem's P.S. 125 kept 1,500 children out of school to dramatize their demand for a bigger voice in school affairs.

Even when aging structures are replaced by ultramodern schools, minority groups continue to complain. Last fall, the school board formally opened the all-new, air-conditioned Intermediate School 201 in East Harlem, which featured a low teacher-student ratio and special tutorial help. Outraged that it was not fully integrated, Negro neighborhood leaders ordered a boycott. kept it closed for five days, demanded that the board provide an all-Negro teaching staff. Since then, unruly students have reflected their parents' pique by disrupting classes, committing wanton acts of vandalism. This month, the embattled white principal, Stanley R. Lissner, quit to take a better-paying job in educational research.

Teacher Turnover. The fact is that no one has any solution to the problems of New York City's schools. "I think we've done as well as most cities, and God knows we've tried hard—but we just haven't done it," concedes Superintendent Bernard E. Donovan. In trying to prevent *de facto* segregation, for example, the school board in 1959 adopted an "open enrollment" plan, providing free buses for Negroes to attend white schools; too few cared to make the trip. It also tried the "Princeton Plan" of pairing white and Negro schools so that all students in each grade would attend the same school. But white parents objected to sending their children into Negro areas, and physical barriers between white and Negro neighborhoods reduced the number of suitable pairings to a mere eight schools.

The city's United Federation of Teachers, which is the nation's strongest local teachers' organization, seems to have no answer either. It refuses to permit school administrators to shift

* Other cities with high nonwhite school enrollment: Washington, 91%; Baltimore, 63%; St. Louis, 62%; Philadelphia, 58%; Detroit, 57%; Chicago, 53%; Los Angeles, 43%; Kansas City, 43%; Pittsburgh, 37%.



MANDEL



TEACHERS PICKETING AT JUNIOR HIGH 98
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veteran teachers into slum schools against their will. Beginners are thus thrown into some of the toughest teaching tasks in the nation—and are shaken by the experience. "I'll never forget when I was sent into that class. I had to show those children not how to read but how to open a book," says one recent Vassar graduate. Recalling his first day in a slum school, one teacher says that his only help from the principal was the order: "Keep 'em in the room." He did. He also recalls that it took him three lonely years to learn how to teach them.

School board leaders spend much of their energy coping with segregation problems—even though the bigger issue is the quality of the education and the teachers' expectation of transmitting it. But even segregation defies solution. Superintendent Donovan, a suave Irishman and cool mediator who climbed up through the system's ranks to replace Calvin Gross two years ago, hopes to check it through a gradual shift to a 4-4-4 school organization. (At present, students spend six years in primary schools, three in intermediate or junior high, three in senior high.) This will enable children to stay in their own neighborhoods for the early years, then move to integrated "middle schools" drawing from a larger geographical area. But this transition will take a decade.

\$100 Million Parks. School officials also see "educational parks," in which all grades are housed in campuses drawing from a wide area, as a promising device. New York is planning two, both in The Bronx, which could handle a total of 18,000 students. But the cost of one alone is estimated at up to \$100 million; it may take ten years to build, and the transportation problem will be complex.

Desegregation may, in the long run, solve some of the city's educational problems, but it will not in itself guarantee a viable urban school system. Far more important, to some observers, is the need for decentralization of authority, better teachers with improved working conditions—and a willingness on the part of students to learn. Where teachers and students do work together, as in such showcase schools as the Bronx High School of Science and Manhattan's P.S. 6, the system shows what it can do. What is needed above all is a more cooperative attitude on the part of minority-group parents and their children—less bitterness and violence, more concern about the real business of learning.

STUDENTS

Drugs on Campus

That comely coed dutifully jotting lecture notes in biology class? That long-haired beatnik with the droopy mustache sidling into a bull session at an off-campus bar? Beware. They may not be students at all but undercover agents—out to make a pinch. That, at least, was what students at Cornell and Fairleigh Dickinson universities discovered last week. To their considerable surprise,

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local police in both communities had planted spies on campus to get leads on the sale of illegal drugs.

In Ithaca, Detective Maximo Jimenez donned dirty trousers and bright shirts, frequented the College town area fringing the Cornell campus to gain the confidence of students. His work led to the arrest of 23 people, including one student from Cornell and another from Ithaca College, for selling or possessing LSD and marijuana. A Long Island University student, Andrew Gluck, 22, was accused of being a major supplier of drugs in Ithaca. Some of the sales, police contend, were made in Willard Straight Hall, Cornell's student union.

At Fairleigh Dickinson, in Rutherford, N.J., the spy was Mrs. Linda Hobbie, an attractive 20-year-old girl enrolled in film arts, biology and oil-



SUSPECT GLUCK

Beware of droopy mustaches.

painting classes to keep an eye on a coed once arrested for a narcotics violation. Hired by county police, Mrs. Hobbie soon discovered that she liked the suspected pusher too well to report her, blew her cover by telling all to one of her profs.

Some professors at the two schools regarded the student spies as an outrageous violation of academic freedom. Campus authorities, as well as many students, saw it differently. Cornell Provost Dale R. Corson said that the school had always assisted police in drug investigations and would continue to do so. Fairleigh Dickinson's President Peter Sammartino declared that "no institution has the right not to cooperate with any law-enforcement agency." They have good reason to cooperate. Last week U.S. Narcotics Commissioner Henry L. Giordano reported that arrests for use of marijuana have doubled since 1965. One cause of the upswing is "increased traffic among college-age persons of middle or upper economic status."

Reign in Spain.



The Alcázar, in Segovia. Queen Isabella slept here

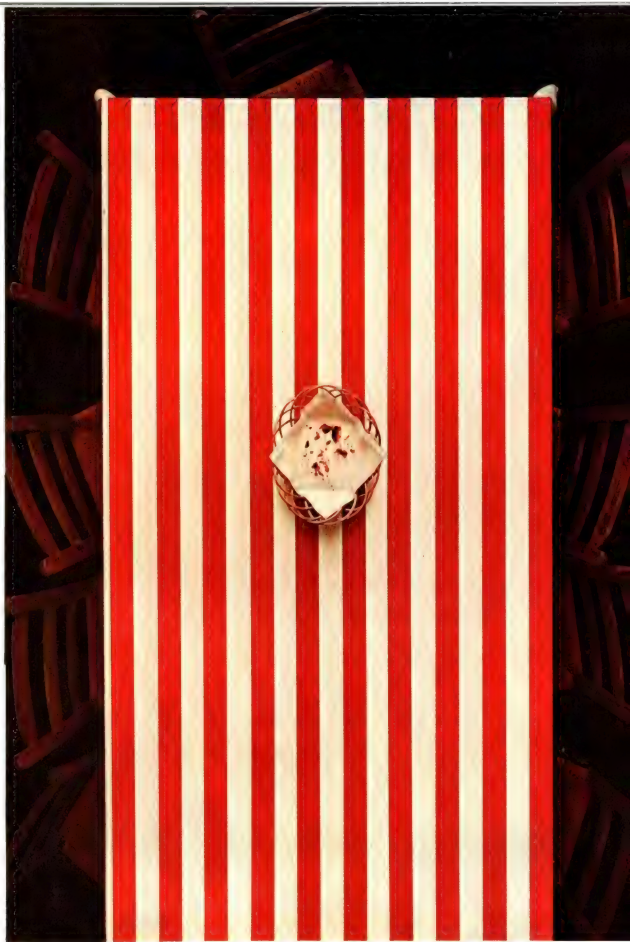
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In fact, it's been estimated that with the right economic changes, most underdeveloped countries can not only feed their own peoples, but *they can have surpluses* within 10 to 20 years.

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SPORT

FOOTBALL

Merry-Go-Rounds

The Florida sun was smiling, and so were the New York Yankees; Mickey Mantle was looking good at first base, and the team was winning again. The Mets were losing as usual, but at least they were losing big—23-18, to the Boston Red Sox. The San Francisco Giants' Juan Marichal, baseball's reigning pitcher, was having such a good time skindiving back home in the Dominican Republic that he decided to ask for \$125,000 instead of a mere \$100,000. Baseball's opening day was less than a month away. So what were most sport fans talking about?

Football.

After years of bitter competition for talent, the National Football League and the American Football League joined forces in Manhattan last week for the first common draft of college players. As a spectacle it was a tribute to marital bliss—and the unassailable fact that two can live cheaper than one. Gone were the dark tales of inter-league raiding, of burly "baby sitters" keeping prize prospects hidden from rival league kidnapers. Gone too were the fantastic bonuses of yesteryear. The most a top draft choice could expect was a mere \$200,000 or so—which is nice enough, but nothing like the \$485,000 that Quarterback Joe Namath got from the New York Jets in 1965.

Even so, there were enough crunching blocks and backfield razzle-dazzle to satisfy the fans. The general idea of a draft is for the weakest teams to pick first, thereby spreading the wealth. But the two days of haggling over 445 players produced such a blizzard of trades among the 25 teams that hardly a single player ended up where expected.

Age Before Promise. The fledgling New Orleans Saints, the N.F.L.'s newest team, had first pick. But the Saints opted for age, not promise, and they traded their No. 1 spot for the Balti-

more Colts' first-class, second-string Quarterback Gary Cuozzo. Baltimore, which finished a strong second in the N.F.L.'s Eastern division last year, happily grabbed Bubba Smith, Michigan State's mammoth (6 ft. 7 in., 285 lbs.) defensive end who responds to chants of "Kill Bubba, kill." The hapless New York Giants (1-12-1) were supposed to be No. 2 in line. But the Giants had already traded their position—plus a lot more—to the Minnesota Vikings for Quarterback Fran Tarkenton (TIME, March 17), and the Vikings lost no time hauling in Bubba's All-America teammate, Halfback Clint Jones. The Atlanta Falcons were slated for No. 3, but they passed that privilege on to the San Francisco 49ers in return for three veterans. San Francisco, in turn, chose Florida's Heisman Trophy-winning Quarterback Steve Spurrier, who had been earmarked for the Giants in all the pre-draft maneuvering.

Crazy? Maybe. Before all the prime beef was gone, the A.F.L.'s Miami Dolphins grabbed Purdue's Star Quarterback Bob Griese; the Denver Broncos took Syracuse Halfback Floyd Little; and the Detroit Lions snapped up U.C.L.A. Halfback Mel Farr. After that, the pros were mostly going through the motions and hoping for a sleeper.

New Orleans, Los Angeles and Atlanta even drafted three burly lads named Walker, Smith and Matson, who were not to be found on any football program last year. Crazy? Maybe. Walker is Jim Walker, 22, Providence's big, strong (6 ft. 3 in., 200 lbs.) All-America basketball star, whose hands, size and speed could make him a formidable flanker back. Smith is Tommie Smith, San Jose State's world record holder in the 220 yd. dash—and everybody remembers how Olympic Champion Bob Hayes sparked the Dallas Cowboys' offense last year. Matson is Randy Matson, Texas A. & M.'s world record holder in the shotgun and 6 ft. 6 in., 265 lbs. Beware Bubba.



VIKINGS' JONES



COLTS' SMITH



49ERS' SPURRIER

And some sleepers in the draft.



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Eggs in his head.

SKIING

Encore Napoleon

In the windy hills, the Austrian commander surveyed the landscape of defeat. "We may need two years to turn the tide," he said sadly. "They are so consistent."

One hundred and sixty-one years after Austerlitz, Napoleon had triumphed again. This time, the hills were the slopes of Franconia, N.H.; the contest was the North American Ski Championships; and the formidable enemy commander was France's Honoré Bonnet, 47, otherwise known as the Napoleon of the sport. "That can only be," disclaims the coach of the French ski team, "because I am not so tall and comb my hair to the front."

There are more compelling reasons. At Franconia, Bonnet's troops were every bit as devastating as Napoleon's. "Le Superman," Jean-Claude Killy, won everything in sight: the giant slalom, the slalom and the downhill, thereby clinching the 1967 World Cup. Behind him came Georges Mauduit, second in the giant slalom, and Guy Périllat, second in the downhill. In the women's events France's Isabelle Mir won the women's downhill, Christine Beranger the giant slalom, and Marielle Goitschel the slalom. Last week Bonnet took his forces on to Vail, Colo., for the American International Team Race. The inevitable result: Killy repeated his triple triumph, and France won still another team championship.

Sand & Rectal Thermometers. The victories really belonged to Bonnet. And it was all the more remarkable because the twelfth child of an Alpine hotelkeeper was so late in showing an interest in

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the sport. He grew up determined to become a doctor; he never set foot on skis until World War II, when he divided his time between the air force and the *maquisards*—mountain-based Resistance fighters. While in uniform, he learned to ski so well that at war's end he was asked to take over training the army's Alpine ski troops. There he stayed until 1959, when a desperate French ski federation tapped him to be coach of France's national team, which had not had a world championship in eleven years.

Bonnet had two main ideas for his team: exercise and the egg. Until then, the prevailing form featured a skis-together, head-up posture. Bonnet reasoned that *Tenail*, a little used, head-down, feet-apart crouch, would give less aerodynamic drag and a lower center of gravity, thus making a skier faster and less likely to fall. The trouble was that it required fantastic strength to hold the egg for any length of time. *Le crouch*, therefore, put *les skieurs* through an exhaustive and exhausting daily ritual of deep knee bends with 60-lb. sacks of sand on their shoulders, forced them to climb endless flights of stairs, descend innumerable mountains to strengthen thigh muscles. On the slopes, he was the original martinet: barking orders to assistants through a walkie-talkie, charting every speed-sliding hump or hollow, taking the temperature of the snow with a rectal thermometer to be certain that precisely the right amount of wax was on the skis.

But at night, after a grueling practice or competition, Bonnet could play the indulgent father. He permitted his athletes to blow off steam their own way: wine and brandy if they wanted it, no 11 p.m. bed checks, no angry admonitions if his skiers staged impromptu auto races around narrow Alpine roads. "I tremble at their taste for risk," he said, "but you can't expect someone who races down mountains at such speed to live the rest of the time like a bookworm."

Firm & Powdery. Bonnet's tactics started paying off almost immediately. In the 1960 Olympics, his unheralded team won one gold and two bronze medals. In the 1964 Olympics, they skied off with three gold and three silver medals. Since 1966, Bonnet's troops have dominated virtually every major competition. Before arriving in the U.S. for the championships at Franconia and Vail, they made a shambles of *les* year's season in Europe, winning every meet. Ahead for Napoleon's regime the 1968 Olympics, and if past performance is any gauge, it will be *en-core une fois*.

After that there will be nowhere to go but up—to Pralognan, a winter sports station in France's southern Alps, where Bonnet says he will retire. His successor? *Qui sait?* And who cares? Bonnet has established French skiing on such a firm, powdery base that Wellington himself could not undo it.

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DOCTORS

New Dean at Yale

When Vienna-born Dr. Fredrick Carl Redlich was tapped in 1951 to head the department of psychiatry at Yale University's School of Medicine, he dreaded administrative duties. Over the years, he jokes, "they said that I ran the department like the old Austro-Hungarian empire—with absolutism mitigated by sloppiness." He improved his technique enough to suit Yale: last week University President Kingman Brewster Jr. announced the appointment of Dr. Redlich, 56, to be dean of the School of Medicine. Come July 1, he will succeed Pediatrician Vernon W. Lippard, 62, who will become a special adviser to Brewster on medical affairs.

The naming of a psychiatrist to head a medical school is unusual but not unprecedented. Dr. Redlich himself sees it as a symbol of improved status for his specialty. "A generation ago," he said, "I'm sure Yale wouldn't have considered a psychiatrist for dean. But now we are taken much more seriously."

Undogmatic, Uncommitted. Dr. Redlich was being overmodest: the appointment was as much a tribute to his personal qualities. Originally Fritz Karl Redlich, he fled Vienna and Nazism in 1938 because of his partly Jewish ancestry. During World War II, he anglicized his name after being told, "You can't be named Fritz like every prisoner of war." But he still signs letters "Fritz" and uses it on popular books.

Like his *Landmann*, Freud (whom he never met), Dr. Redlich began his professional career as a neurologist, then switched to the social and analytic

sides of psychiatry. He says that his approach is "basically Freudian," but of his Yale department he insists: "We are undogmatic, uncommitted to any particular point of view or school of thought. We are at the threshold of a broad new psychiatry that will use the knowledge of many disciplines."

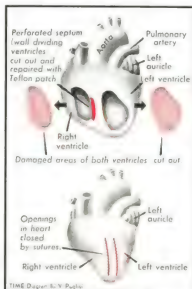
To that end he has reorganized Yale's psychiatry department. Beginning with two professors, he drew in faculty members from sociology, biology and the behavioral sciences. The expansion associated him with Yale Sociologist August B. Hollingshead, and in 1958 they published *Social Class and Mental Illness*. The book made the point that a severe emotional disturbance was likely to be diagnosed as schizophrenia and lead to confinement in a state hospital if the patient was poor, but diagnosed as a "personality problem" and treated in the office by a private psychiatrist if the patient could afford it. It was a natural progression from that to the establishment of the Connecticut Mental Health Center in New Haven, with Dr. Redlich as director and members of his psychiatry department as staff. This has now grown to a task force of 73, counting 45 psychiatrists, 13 clinical psychologists and ten social workers; much of their time is spent in treatment and research at the \$5,000,000 center, which offers low-cost psychiatric care.

Patients Not Cases. In the early 1940s, psychiatry was only an elective in the Yale medical-school curriculum. Now, thanks to Redlich, required courses take three hours a week for most of the four years. Dr. Redlich's emphasis on the social aspects of mental health will soon be extended to the entire medical school, which has a faculty of 1,072 (511 full-time). Yale, the nation's sixth oldest medical school, generally rated among the top six in excellence, is revamping its curriculum with the aim of producing physicians who will combine excellence in scientific training with the ability to see their patients not as "cases" but as human beings in a social setting. That is what Yale's new dean has always wanted.

* Psychiatrist Douglas D. Bond was dean at Western Reserve from 1959 to 1966 and did much to establish it as the nation's most progressive medical school.



PSYCHIATRIST REDLICH
At the threshold of understanding.



TIME Diagram: G.V. Pappas

that the septum (wall) between the main pumping chambers, the ventricles, was torn and consisted partly of dead tissue. A substantial part of each ventricle, to which the blood supply had been cut off by the shutdown of a coronary artery, was also dead or dying. Dr. Heimbecker repaired the septum with a Teflon patch. Then, as the dying muscle in the ventricle walls was interfering with the working of healthy muscle, he boldly decided to cut it out. He removed two pieces, each 3 in. by 2 in., one from each ventricle. The surgeon put nothing in their place, but closed the heart by stitching together the muscle from opposite sides of the holes.

The patient's heart performed fairly well, *Medical World News* reports; its bouts of irregular activity were checked by drugs and electrical stimulation. But the patient's lung damage had necessitated cutting a breathing tube into his windpipe, and after a month he died from an unforeseeable rupture where this tube had been placed.

Clearly, despite hundreds of earlier tests on dogs, such during surgical deeds are for use in only the direct cases, but Dr. Heimbecker expects to see more of them and to repeat his bold procedure.

SURGERY

Daring Deed in the Heart

Imaginative and inventive surgeons have tried several ways to help the victim of a heart attack regain normal circulation, but none had ever been so bold as to cut out a piece of the heart itself. None, that is, until Dr. Raymond O. Heimbecker was confronted at Toronto General Hospital with a 56-year-old diabetic victim of a heart attack. As the only hope of saving him, Dr. Heimbecker decided to try an unprecedented open-heart operation.

With the patient's circulatory system connected to a pump-oxygenator, the surgeon opened the heart and found

DRUGS

Cell Damage from LSD

Half a dozen of the most potent drugs used by physicians have been known for years to cause changes in the chromosomes in some of the body's cells, with the parallel risk that they might also cause genetic defects if the patient later became a parent. Up to now, such drugs have been used only in the treatment of advanced cancer, so the danger to children has been minimal. But last week, in the journal *Science*, a team of researchers at the State University of New York in Buffalo reported that LSD (lysergic acid diethylamide), the favorite magic carpet of psychedelic

AtlanticRichfieldCompany service stations made 250 million sales transactions during 1966.

"Can I get a
dollar's worth?"

We're only human. We'd like to have her roll up in a big four-door sedan and say "fill it up." But no matter how she arrives at her nearby Atlantic or Richfield station, she'll get her dollar's worth with a smile. Because, no matter what the size of the sale, Atlantic Richfield Company really believes that the main job of a service station is to provide service.



How many mistakes can



Score 10 for each mistake you find. 80 is a perfect score.

[Absolutely no credit for saying the whole wagon looks like a mistake.]

THE FRONT OF A VOLKSWAGEN STATION WAGON DOESN'T OPEN UP.

No need. To get to the engine, which is in the rear, you just flip up a flap in the rear. And since there's no engine sticking out in front, it can't get in the way when you're parking.

DOESN'T USE EIGHT SPARK PLUGS.

Only four. So whatever a spark plug costs you'll save four times that much when it's time for a tune-up.

NO WATER

Our engine cools itself with air, not water. Air can never freeze up or boil over on you.

And, obviously, you'll never have to bother to check to see if you have enough air.

you spot in this picture?



NO ANTI-FREEZE.
No place to pour it.

TAKES JUST 2 1/2 QUARTS OF OIL.

That's about 2 1/2 quarts less than most wagons take.

LUGGAGE RACK.

The chances are if you buy a luggage rack, the only thing you'll end up with on your roof is a luggage rack. Because a Volkswagen Station Wagon can carry about twice as much as

other wagons can. All inside CHAINS.

The weight of our rear engine is on the rear wheels for extra traction. So you may need chains, but not as soon or as often.

And finally:

THE MECHANIC FIXING THE VOLKSWAGEN IS NOT AN AUTHORIZED VOLKSWAGEN MECHANIC. Which is probably the first mistake.





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"Chivas Regal, please."

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12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 40 PROOF. GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, NY



GENETICIST COHEN & PHOTOMICROSCOPE
High price for the carpel.

trippers may produce the same sort of chromosomal damage.

Geneticist Maimon J. Cohen and his colleagues were making a highly preliminary report. They had found this phenomenon in the blood of only three people. From two healthy subjects they drew blood, then grew the white cells in the test tube. When 15D, in varying concentrations, was added for durations of four to 48 hours, the number of broken or otherwise damaged chromosomes was increased as much as tenfold over the small number usually found in healthy cells.

Then the investigators took blood from a 51-year-old schizophrenic, who had been given 15D under careful medical supervision 15 times in six years. In his cells, the number of broken chromosomes was more than three times normal.

"The significance of these findings cannot yet be assessed fully," says the Buffalo group. There is no certainty that damage to chromosomes in blood cells is accompanied by similar damage in germ cells—sperm or ova. But the two kinds of damage have been shown to go together after excessive radiation, and the same may be true after repeated use of 15D. Blood specimens from patients who have "flipped" and become psychotic after 15D are now being sent to Buffalo to see whether the phenomenon is widespread.

SMOKING

Tar, Nicotine & Filters

Cigarette smokers who wanted to pick a winner in the tar-and-nicotine sweepstakes got a form sheet last week from one of the nation's leading cancer research organizations, the New York State-supported Roswell Park Memorial Institute in Buffalo. Director George E. Moore reported that machine smok-

ing and chemical analysis disclosed the following yields (in milligrams) for 56 brands:

| Brand | Type ^a | Tar | Nicotine |
|-----------------------|-------------------|------|----------|
| Marvells | KF | 8.3 | 0.32 |
| Cascade | KMF | 9.1 | 0.34 |
| Carlton | KF | 9.7 | 0.74 |
| King Sano | KFD | 12.0 | 0.39 |
| Duke | KF | 12.3 | 0.46 |
| Life | KF | 13.6 | 0.97 |
| True | KF | 15.8 | 0.80 |
| Kent | KF | 18.8 | 1.10 |
| Montclair | KMF | 21.1 | 1.15 |
| Spring | KMF | 21.7 | 1.16 |
| Galaxy | KF | 22.1 | 1.73 |
| Marlboro | KF | 22.4 | 1.24 |
| Winston | KF | 22.9 | 1.32 |
| Old Gold | KF | 23.0 | 1.32 |
| Waterford | KF | 23.0 | 1.40 |
| Lark | KF | 23.1 | 1.26 |
| Philip Morris | KF | 23.2 | 1.46 |
| Newport | KMF | 23.3 | 1.34 |
| Viceroy | KF | 23.4 | 1.68 |
| Salem | KMF | 23.6 | 1.43 |
| Paxton | KMF | 23.8 | 1.43 |
| Parliament | KF | 24.0 | 1.44 |
| L & M | RF | 24.9 | 1.12 |
| Benson & Hedges | RF | 25.0 | 1.55 |
| Tempo | KF | 25.1 | 1.68 |
| Tareyton | KF | 25.3 | 1.35 |
| Alpine | KMF | 26.4 | 1.52 |
| Kool | KMF | 26.6 | 1.88 |
| Chesterfield | R | 27.0 | 1.18 |
| Lucky Strike | R | 27.1 | 1.42 |
| Oasis | KMF | 27.1 | 1.38 |
| Lucky Strike | KF | 27.3 | 1.42 |
| Chesterfield | KF | 27.6 | 1.72 |
| Raleigh | KF | 27.8 | 1.98 |
| Philip Morris | R | 28.8 | 1.37 |
| Old Gold | R | 29.7 | 1.63 |
| Belair | KMF | 29.7 | 2.11 |
| du Maurier | KF | 30.0 | 1.96 |
| Players | R | 31.0 | 1.67 |
| Camel | R | 31.3 | 1.69 |
| York | R | 32.4 | 1.69 |
| Camel | KF | 32.4 | 1.77 |
| Pall Mall | K | 33.0 | 1.75 |
| Half & Half | KF | 33.6 | 1.99 |
| Dominic | R | 34.1 | 1.48 |
| Old Gold | K | 34.8 | 1.89 |
| Masterpiece | KF | 35.9 | 2.23 |
| Katima | RM | 36.3 | 2.21 |
| Philip Morris | K | 37.2 | 1.73 |
| Brandon | K | 38.5 | 2.35 |
| Benson & Hedges 100's | KF | 39.3 | 2.29 |
| Holiday | K | 41.1 | 2.45 |
| Tareyton | K | 41.5 | 1.97 |
| Pall Mall | KF | 41.6 | 2.20 |
| Raleigh | K | 43.4 | 2.64 |

Filtered brands, which made up only 3% of total cigarette sales in 1953, now account for 68%. But, said Dr. Moore, "although some filter cigarettes are delivering less tar and nicotine to the smoker than regular cigarettes, most are not adequately protecting him from a medical point of view. We believe that improved filters would help stop premature loss of life from lung cancer, emphysema, heart-artery disease, and other diseases associated with heavy smoking."

Smokers who want to switch may have a problem. The two top-rated brands, Stephano Bros.' Marvells and Cascade, are sold in relatively few stores and even fewer machines. Carlton, made by American Tobacco Co., is more widely distributed but by no means as widely as the old stand-by brands.

^a K—King (80-100 millimeters), R—regular (70 mm.), F—filter, M—menthol, D—decentimented.

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MANHATTAN MAO PARTY

FADS

The Follies That Come with Spring

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino, spring with all its fads, fancies and general nuttiness arrives, and of general folly there is no end.

All over the world, for instance, the new bestseller is suddenly *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, which



OLD WEDDING DRESS

comes encased in red plastic with a red-ribbon marker. At Berkeley, it is treated like an amulet by the Black Muslims; at Columbia, it is outselling everything since Henry Miller; and Brentano's at the Pentagon has already unloaded 1,000 copies at \$1 each. A few of the buyers may be genuine sinologists, but for the vast majority it is the new camp classic.

Harvard students are now exhorting one another with such Maoisms as "What we need is an enthusiastic but calm state of mind and intense but orderly work," in Great Britain, sassy teen-agers have taken to Maothing reports to teachers who rebuke them, and Carnaby Street regulars have begun wearing \$22.40 Red Guard uniforms;

in Manhattan, Mao sayings are briefly as popular as old Confucius-say. But their days as a cocktail-party drop are numbered. For as London's Sun Columnist Henry Fielding noted: "In their cunning way, the Chinese are now using it instead of their water torture; they are just boring people to death."

With youth, the "antique look" this spring is in. Students in Paris and London have been ransacking secondhand stores for old uniforms dating back to the Crimean and Franco-Prussian wars. But in the U.S., uniforms are generally out in favor of the Frank Nitti gangster look, including palm tree-studded ties and double-breasted pin-stripe jackets. At Dartmouth, the particular "drinking uni" (for uniforms) at the moment is the "blow-lunch look" (so called, one student explains, because "when you look at one of those ties you want to blow your lunch") topped off with a Red Baron Flying Ace helmet, complete with ear flaps and shrapnel holes. At Harvard,

the grapevine passes the word around within hours whenever Secondhand Dealer Max Keezer or "Morgie's" (Goodwill Industry's Morgan Memorial) gets in any old taxi-driver hats or brown-and-white shoes, and some Harvards are even beginning to talk antique: "Those teeny-boppers are a caution."

Getting the Message. Women, after years of going hatless, are now covering up again. At the moment, the vogue for hats is running strongest in Paris, where the *noctambules* show up at La Coupole in Montparnasse wearing floppy Garbo-style fedoras, gaucho hats with chin straps, and overgrown newsboy caps. One reason that hats are back on top is that there is suddenly much less hair underneath. Short haircuts, among them what Parisians call *le Farrow* and *L'Artichaut*, are replacing the elaborate bouffant hairdos that made hats hard to wear. Paris' Alexandre has already shorn Elizabeth Taylor, Queen Sirikit of Thailand, Audrey Hepburn and Shirley Maclaine. And while Elsa Martinelli, Sophia Loren and Jean Shrimpton have so far resisted the shears, they are all tucking their hair under short wigs to achieve a similar effect. Manhattan's Kenneth, who gained fame as the architect of Jackie Kennedy's bouffant extravaganzas, has switched to the short crop. Explains Kenneth: "Short skirts need a small, close head, and my clients are getting the message."

Short skirts also mean new lengths in

stockings. Courrèges recommends tennis socks that rise to mid-calf; Ungaro pulls his stockings two inches above the knee. And for Palm Beach, the Duchess of Windsor is packing along a pair of Givenchy's yellow knee socks to go with her Dior culotte. Whatever the length, bright, solid colors are in and applied dimensional texture is out: the pattern, if any, is now being knitted right into the fabric.

Everywhere, ongoing fads are picking up momentum. Among the campus set, wall posters depicting its heroes and anti-heroes are bigger than ever. "When water is boiling, it's hard to tell when it gets hotter, but the fad hasn't reached its peak," says Martin Geisler, owner of Manhattan's Personality Posters. Right now the Monkees are the most popular of his 70 posters; other favorites, each for \$1, include Chairman Mao, Dracula, the Hell's Angels, Shirley Temple, Humphrey Bogart, Allen Ginsberg in his Uncle Sam suit, and Peter Fonda on a motorcycle. Also prized: the offbeat "You Don't Have to Be Jewish to Love Levy's" subway poster ads for eye bread.

With posters go protest buttons, and they are popping up dirtier than ever—at least in the eyes of the Manhattan district attorney's office, which is now prosecuting a Greenwich Village retailer for selling "obscene" buttons. The offenders ranged from "Pornography is Fun" to pornography unprintable. But for Civil Liberties Union lawyer Robert Polstein, banning buttons is restricting freedom of expression. "What young people see clean," he argues, "older persons see dirty."

Rhino Desk, Ostrich Bar. With fads turning on and fading out with the dizzy psychedelic speed of a discotheque slide projector, the old, posed Bachrach still-

MODERN LIVING



GARBO FEDORA



ABOVE-KNEE SOCKS



You don't have to be Jewish to love Levy's

to love Levy's

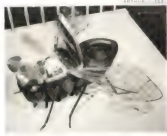
WALL POSTER



PROTEST BUTTON



RED GUARD FASHIONS



LALANNE TOILET

dio shot may be becoming passé. A Columbia University philosophy major, 24-year-old Julie Motz, has set herself up in business making 20-minute-long, 16-mm. BioPix. For \$500, she will follow her subject (a Texas brewery president, say, or a New Jersey American Legionnaire), shooting candidly and in color from dawn to dusk. So far she has been banned only from Manhattan's "21" Club ("It bothered the other customers"), had to sneak in shots at the Forum of the Twelve Caesars after hours.

And what makes the perfect setting to view an instant film biography? Right now in Chicago, it is the animal furniture-sculpture of French Designer Francois-Xavier Lalanne. Delighting the throngs at the Art Institute are his furnishings, including a flock of 22 woolly-coated, roller-footed sheep that serve as seats, sofas or hassocks; a monumental housefly three feet long that sports a rosewood toilet seat; and a life-size brass rhinoceros weighing 735 lbs. whose side swings down to make a desk.

Lalanne's prices are equally fantastic: \$10,000 for the sheep or the housefly, \$25,000 for the rhino. Among the happy few who have chosen to afford them: Designer Yves St. Laurent, who bought a rhino, and French Premier Georges Pompidou, who bought a pair of china ostriches whose beaks hold a metal board serving as a bar. And why does Lalanne spend his time creating such extravagant fancies? His answer is as good as any likely to be heard this spring: "For the most elementary reason—it amuses me."

HOBBIES

The Souvenir Detectors

Once, successful Civil War memento collectors needed only a vague knowledge of where skirmishes had been fought and a sharp eye for rusty buckles, buttons and musket balls that lay for the taking in the battlefield grass. No more. Since the centennial battle-re-enactment craze in the early '60s, the search for souvenirs has come to require 1) the battlefield instincts of a field commander, 2) a shovel, 3) a strong back, 4) a talent for telling lies with a straight face, 5) an ability to fend off enraged farmers, 6) a snakebite kit and, most important, 7) a metal detector.

On any springtime-sunny Sunday in the South, particularly in Georgia, where Sherman's march cut such a vast swath, a widespread (and individually selfish) safari of as many as 500 relic collectors can be found crisscrossing carefully over the once bloodied ground. Each wears earphones connected to a long-handled ground-sweeper disk, powered by transistor batteries, which transmits a constant hum through the earphones. Whenever it finds metal, there is a sudden crescendo to the hum, the signal to dig for an antique that may be anywhere from an inch to 6 ft. down,

since little of any value is left on the surface any more.

Refighting the Battles. The detectors range in cost from \$35 (for a 30-lb. World War II surplus piece) to \$139.50 (for a streamlined, 3-lb. Metrotech model). The discoveries they have produced range in value from tin cans and tenpenny nails (worth nothing and found everywhere) to a \$10 California gold piece dated 1849 (worth \$1,250 and found near Savannah).

Success, the souvenir detectors believe, is a matter of historical background as well as on-the-scene instinct. Gene Purcell, 26, a seasoned detection expert and proprietor of the Blockade Runners, an Atlanta shop that deals in sales or swaps of Civil War accoutrements, outlines the procedure. "I get



HUNTING FOR RELICS IN GEORGIA
With a little luck, you're an addict.

me a spot on a battlefield," he says. "And I go sit down and lean up against a tree and smoke a cigarette, and I think, 'If I were fighting here, where would I have dragged a wounded man? Over behind that big rock.' So I detect there. Or I figure, 'If the troops left New Hope Church one day and their destination was a day's journey, where would they likely have camped?' So I go to that spot and take the detector. I usually have pretty good luck."

It doesn't take much luck for a man to become an addict. Jim Watterson, 31, an Atlanta luggage salesman, has been detecting for a year. "If anyone had ever told me I'd be excited about finding some rusty iron in the ground, I'd have told them they were crazy," he says. Yet he was at the Blockade Runners last week to show off his weekend treasures—some shell fragments, a pistol ball and a ramrod.

Gone with the Wet Wash. One of the most successful detectors, Atlanta Insurance Agent Tom Dickey (brother

of National Book Award poet James Dickey), has turned up so many Civil War projectiles over the years (nine tons of them) that he stashes many in his basement for fear the upper floors will collapse if he displays them. He sighs that "the centennial ruined us" and says flatly that "the best finds are made by novices on ground that has already been beat flat." Possibly. But farmers who own land that includes Civil War ground not yet beat flat are fully aware of the buried booty they may own, and they often post signs: NO DETECTORS—VIOLATORS PROSECUTED.

To seasoned searchers, the antagonism of a landowner is almost as sure a tip-off as a sudden hum from his detector. "When I ask a farmer if we can dig on his land and he says yes, I don't even take the detector out of the car," says Dickey. "But if he says, 'Hell, no,' then I know the place is loaded."

Risky as trespassing may be (Dickey once landed in jail for doing it), relic collecting carries even more dangerous potential, for some of the shells dug up are still explosive. There is a cherished story among relic seekers about a South Carolina woman who for years had used four 100-lb. Union shells as a stand for her backyard wash tub until one day one exploded, blasting wet clothes all over the neighborhood.

CONSERVATION

The Way of the Dinosaur

The Hawaiian dark-rumped petrel, the blunt-nosed leopard lizard, the Santa Cruz long-toed salamander and the Colorado River squawfish—to say nothing of the timber wolf, the grizzly bear and the American alligator—may soon go the way of the dinosaur: to extinction.

According to Interior Secretary Stewart L. Udall, no fewer than 78 native American species—14 mammals, 36 birds, six reptiles and 22 varieties of fish—are on the brink of vanishing from the earth forever. In almost every case, their deadly enemy is man. The Indiana bat, for instance, is in danger because the caves in which it lives have become tourist attractions and because of acts of vicious vandalism (two boys killed 10,000 in Carter Cave, Kentucky, pulling them off the ceiling and trampling them to death). The Florida alligators are on the decline because of commercial poachers; the Atlantic sturgeon because of polluted waters; the peregrine falcon because of farmers' pesticides; the dusky seaside sparrow because of the mosquito-control program at Cape Kennedy.

Udall's list was the first issued under the Endangered Species Preservation Act of 1966. Unfortunately, the law gives the Federal Government almost no muscle to back up the Secretary's urgent plea. Udall's only real prerogative is to publicize the list and add hopefully, "An informed public will act to help reduce the dangers threatening these rare animals."

SHOW BUSINESS

NIGHTCLUBS

The Mood Merchants

Some enchanted evening, when a fellow meets a girl for cocktails for two, life is just a bowl of cherries. The music goes round and round—an unchained melody or a fascinating rhythm—and it seems like old times. It's just one of those things. Like a marshmallow moon in a buttermilk sky, it's magic. Whippoorwill call. 'Swonderful. Delightful. Delirious. Delovely.

Or so it can seem when the moods are manufactured by that offbeat brand of musician, the cocktail pianist. The sign outside says "Music for Hand Holders," but he plays for not only the bewitched but also the bothered, bewildered and just plain bombed. His salon

have at least one velvet-lined cave where night-lifers go to swig and sway to their favorite mood merchants. Among the best of them:

► **Cy Walter**, at Manhattan's Drake Room, who has patrolled the bar beat for 30 years, is generally considered the dean of cocktail pianists. A sometime composer, he plays novel and harmonically inventive arrangements, numbers among his devotees such celebrities as Noel Coward and Lynda Bird Johnson. Sipping gin and Coca-Cola, he holds forth six nights a week from 6 p.m. until 1 a.m., earns \$20,000 a year. He cannot abide sing-along customers, discourages them by "changing keys so often that they become confused."

► **Ernie Swann**, at Detroit's Salamandre room, prides himself on living up to the

customers does not bother him, especially since they put up to \$200 a week in tips on his piano. His secret, he explains, is that "I don't play at them; I make them come to me."

► **Norman Wallace**, at Chicago's Mon Petit, is a singer in the tradition of Mabel Mercer—quiet, cool, reassuring. In the '40s, he wrote songs for Edith Piaf; later he tried his hand at musicals in New York before migrating to Chicago, where he leavens a Continental repertoire with up-tempo show tunes and a few Beate ballads. The social set and young marrieds think he's keen. Says one fan: "His French songs give me the feeling of not being in Chicago, which many of us find very gratifying at the end of a day."

► **Judy West**, at Los Angeles' Red Roulette room, is a kind of Patti Page of the keyboard. Combining elegance and brash good humor, she bounces freely



CY WALTER



JUDY WEST



NORMAN WALLACE



ERNE SWANN

For the bewitched, bothered, bewildered and just plain bombed.

is a saloon with carpeting, usually sporting a get-away-from-it-all name like the Shangri-la or the Windjammer. The lights are low, and the prices are high. And what escape the customer cannot find in the alcohol and easy ambience, the cocktail pianist provides with a painless medley of ballads, show tunes, light classics and, inevitably, a *Happy Birthday* or two.

More than just live Muzak, the best of the cocktail pianists "play the room," alternating from up-tempo numbers to dreamy lullabies to suit the mood of the audience. Requests are encouraged (current favorite: *Lara's Theme* from the film score of *Doctor Zhivago*), but in many instances the cocktail pianist is more prized for his fellowship than his musicianship. Table hopping between sets is essential, and any pianist worth his arpeggio greets the entrance of old customers by sliding into their favorite numbers.

Though the proliferation of jukeboxes and discothèques has winnowed the ranks of the cocktail pianists since their heyday in the 1950s, most U.S. cities

motto "You're a Stranger Here Once." Between gulps of Liebfraumilch, he listens sympathetically to the troubles of the drinkers who huddle around his piano bar, treats each individually with an appropriate number drawn from a repertoire of 2,000 songs. "I've always had a feeling for the other side of the piano," he says. Looking like a walrus in repose, he plays for three hours at a clip, occasionally breaks out his "polished Louis Armstrong voice." He claims that his version of *Canadian Sunset* is great for loosening up his upper arms and shoulders.

► **Matty Cortes**, at Miami Beach's Yacht South Seas, a 171-ft. ship formerly owned by the Woolworth family, is a 38-year veteran of the cocktail circuit, specializes in the sophisticated songs of the 1930s and '40s. Hunched over his piano in the ship's dimly lit, couch-lined salon, he plays with a rolling, lilting style that is guaranteed not to rock the patrons or the boat, which is moored at the 79th Street causeway. The son of a New York Philharmonic percussionist, he says that the chatter of the

from Latin to folk, Hawaiian to Dixieland, but is most effective in numbers with a hint of country twang. An attractive divorcee, she has a large following among the men, to whom she plays as deftly as she plays the piano. She can be either nursemaid or seductress, gauging her attack by "the different stages of drink." Says she: "If they're looking at me, I try to entertain. If they're occupied with themselves, I just sit back and sort of mess around."

► **Nappy Gagno**, at Boston's Merry-Go-Round Lounge, has been rising atop the lounge's rotating bar for twelve years. He has an uncanny memory for the favorite tunes of conventioners who return only once every two or three years, bones up on a little red notebook in which he keeps the names of patrons, their physical characteristics and their songs. With a spotlight trained on his hands, he sometimes plays Mozart and Chopin, remembered from his days at the New England Conservatory. Like all cocktail pianists, he is philosophical about lack of attention. "When they don't listen," he says, "I listen myself."

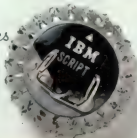
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THE LAW

INVESTIGATIONS

How Much Force?

Ramsey W. Hall, 26, son of a North Carolina judge, was a toponotch graduate student in English at Nashville's Vanderbilt University. He was a big man, 6 ft. 2 in. and 220 lbs., and as far as anyone knew he was gentle and restrained. One night last January he went berserk; three policemen tried to subdue him. Ever since, Nashville has been up in arms over the fact that in the subsequent fight he was killed by the police.

On his last day alive, a day pressured by exams, Hall got a speeding ticket from a traffic cop who recalls him as "very courteous." He conferred normally with an English professor, then walked into a grocery store, phoned a girl in Mississippi he barely knew and asked her to marry him. "I am intoxicated with love," Hall said. He began crying and laughing; a policeman was called, and drove him home. Later, Hall spoke wildly to his landlady, Mrs. Aline Johnson, and started kicking the door between their apartments. Shortly before midnight, Mrs. Johnson called the police, and three officers arrived. "I wish you'd just talk to him," she said.

Deep Concerns. Hall rebuffed the police, demanding to see an arrest warrant. Suddenly he pushed Mrs. Johnson down an outside flight of six steps and started swinging at the cops. All were smaller than he. Together they knocked him down, but Hall fought free. Patrolman Joseph W. Jackson, 28, clubbed him on the head with his night stick; the stick broke. Hall grabbed the broken stick and slugged Jackson. With that—and before his fellow officers could get back into the struggle—Jackson drew his pistol and fired six times, killing Hall.

"I would give anything if this had

never happened," said Jackson, who had never used his gun before. "I exercised what I felt was my best judgment, and I did what I thought I had to do." Nashville Police Chief Hubert O. Kemp agreed with him, went on TV within hours after Hall's death and called it "a clear case of justifiable homicide."

Others were not so sure. "We are deeply concerned with why three armed policemen could not handle one unarmed student," said Baston Bryant, executive director of the Tennessee Council on Human Relations. More than 1,400 Nashville teachers and students petitioned for a full investigation, and the local U.S. attorney called in the FBI for a study (still under way) in case any issue of federal rights arose.

Responding to the outcry, Nashville District Attorney Thomas H. Shriver went to work. Hall's body was exhumed, and an autopsy report indicated that the cop's bullets had gone through his neck, chest, right arm, right side and back. The Davidson County grand jury, devoting 32 hours to the case, heard testimony from Vanderbilt University Hospital Psychiatrist John Griffith that he and three other psychiatrists had analyzed the patterns of Hall's behavior and concluded that he was not under the influence of drugs, including LSD. Hall, said Dr. Griffith, was probably the victim of a sudden "psychiatric illness of psychotic proportions" that erupted "less than 24 hours prior to his death."

Not Enough Training. Under Tennessee law, a policeman is empowered to use deadly force if he is in danger of great bodily harm—and possibly even if he only thinks he is. Concluding its hearings, the grand jury has just refused to indict Patrolman Jackson.

To many in Nashville, the case suggested a different and perhaps broader problem. Before assuming his duties two years ago, Jackson received only 13

weeks' training—obviously not good enough to prevent him from panicking to the point where he had to use all six bullets in his service revolver to discourage an assailant.

THE SUPREME COURT

Out of Legal Limbo

In 1964, the usually enlightened campus town of Chapel Hill, N.C., jailed scores of faculty and students for trying to desegregate local public accommodations. To keep the demonstrators quiet, Solicitor (Prosecutor) Thomas Cooper used a ploy of keeping them in a kind of legal limbo by indefinitely postponing their trials. Last week the Supreme Court voided the ploy, and in the process made history: for the first time, the court extended the Sixth Amendment right of speedy trial to all American courts.

The case involved Zoologist Peter H. Klopfer, 36, of nearby Duke University, who had joined several other professors in a Chapel Hill restaurant demonstration. Two of the professors were beaten; all were arrested for criminal trespass (possible rap: two years). When Klopfer got a hung jury, Judge Raymond Mallard declared a mistrial. Subsequently, the Supreme Court tossed out similar "trespass" cases in light of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, which desegregated public accommodations. But Klopfer remained in jeopardy 18 months after the indictment. Judge Mallard allowed Solicitor Cooper to make use of a "*nolle prosequi* with leave," meaning the power to reinstate the prosecution at any time he pleased.

Klopfer felt that he could not leave home for speaking engagements or a planned year's study in Germany. He could not even stray very far from the courthouse: Cooper would suddenly and temporarily call up the case, sending a squad car to haul Klopfer from the classroom to the courtroom. Klopfer demanded a trial, but North Carolina's top court rejected his request—putting him in Cooper's power indefinitely.

Archaic Rules. The right to speedy trial was articulated as long ago as Magna Carta (1215) and later in the Sixth Amendment (1791) for the purpose of preventing prolonged detention without trial. Today, most states apply the right to defendants on bail or in jail; one modern purpose is to prevent erosion of trial evidence. But Klopfer was out of luck in North Carolina, which restricted the right only to defendants in custody.

In voiding the *nolle prosequi* last week, the Supreme Court simply continued its recent trend of gradually "incorporating" the Constitution's Bill of Rights in the due-process clause of the 14th Amendment, which is binding on states. But what is speedy trial? While a few states require trial anywhere from two to six months after indictment, federal courts require only no "unnecessary delay," a phrase that sometimes allows delays of several years. And who is en-



PATROLMAN JACKSON



STUDENT HALL

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titled to speedy trial? In federal and most state courts, the current answer is: only those who specifically demand the right—a constitutional anomaly that may reach the Supreme Court one of these days.

JURIES

All Deliberate, Little Speed

Many veniremen are obviously eager to be among the twelve jurors who will sit in judgment on Richard Speck, 25, the adrift seaman who is accused of murdering eight student nurses in Chicago last July. A middle-aged pastry cook from Peoria, Ill., assured a quizical prosecutor, "I've not discussed the case nor heard anything about it on the radio. I'd be fair, all right." Yet when Speck's court-appointed attorney, Gerald Gietty, asked her if she thought she could honestly find Speck innocent, she shook her head and replied, "No, it was taking life, after all." She was excused—as 431 other veniremen have been in the four weeks since Speck's case was called in the Peoria courtroom of Illinois Judge Herbert C. Paschen. By last week only eight jurors had been selected in one of the slowest pretrial impaneling procedures in U.S. history.*

Judge Paschen is taking great pains to avoid repetition of the outcome of the 1954 trial of Cleveland's Dr. Sam Sheppard, who was found guilty of killing his wife, only to have the verdict upset by the U.S. Supreme Court because of prejudicial press coverage. Yet it is not the judge, but the defense and prosecuting attorneys who are taking all the time. Each is questioning prospective jurors carefully, and is being cut off by Paschen only if he becomes unusually long-winded.

Nevertheless, many people were wondering if the Peoria proceedings were dragging more slowly than was really necessary. In the heavily publicized fraud trial of Influence Peddler Bobby Baker in January, it took only one day to impanel a jury. Federal Judge Oliver Gasch said, "I see no reason why jury selection should be the slowest process in the American system of justice." The process is much swifter in federal courts, because judges—not attorneys—usually question prospective jurors. But even without the built-in difficulties of digging up unprejudiced jurors for Speck, the Peoria selection was destined by Illinois state law to be a seemingly endless process. Besides dismissal of jurors for cause, the prosecution and defense both have 20 peremptory challenges (meaning the dismissal of potential jurors without explanation) on each of the eight murder charges—making a total of 320. At week's end no less than 194 such challenges remain to be made.

* A Chicago court gave up two weeks ago, after five weeks of unpaneling in the murder case of Robert Lussier, charged with starting a tavern fire that killed 13 people. With only eight jurors picked, the defense successfully moved for a bench trial without jury.

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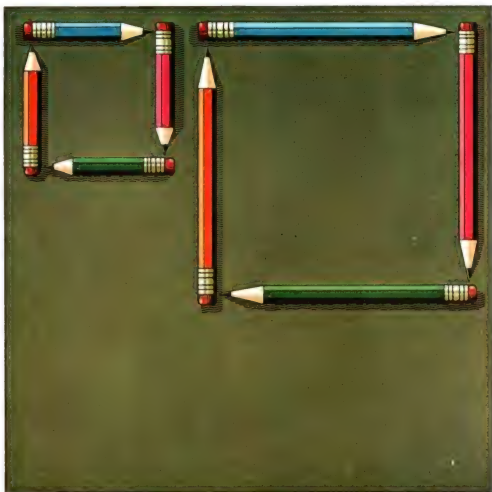
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THE PRESS

REPORTING

The Napalm Story

It has been told so often, in so many publications and on so many TV programs, that no one ever thinks to question one of the more shocking horror stories of the Viet Nam war: that thousands of Vietnamese children have been savagely burned by U.S. napalm. Only last week a CBS-TV program on the war showed a supposed victim. Dr. Benjamin Spock has not only made the accusation in print; he has also helped form a "Committee of Responsibility to Save Vietnamese Children." The trouble with the story, says New York Times Medical Columnist Dr. Howard Rusk, is that it is not true. Reporting from Saigon last week after a painstaking investigation, Rusk said he was unable to find a single case of a child who had been burned by napalm, and he heard of only a few.

The doctor is not a man to close his eyes to such suffering. As chairman of the department of rehabilitation of New York University's College of Medicine, he is one of the U.S.'s leading experts in the art of restoring the afflicted. Part of his life's work has been to help the war-wounded make a comeback—first in World War II, then in Korea, and now in Viet Nam, where President Johnson has asked him to coordinate privately financed rehabilitation programs.

Danger of Gasoline. His latest trip to Viet Nam, in fact, was taken primarily for medical reasons. He was anxious to see how an amputee program, which he started 15 months ago, was progressing. As he visited 20 hospitals from the 17th parallel to the Gulf of Siam, he was struck by the fact that some 85% of admissions were for disease and accidents. Some of the accidents involved gasoline burns. Because the cost of charcoal and kerosene has soared, some Vietnamese have tried to make do with stolen gasoline; hundreds have been burned in the resulting explosions. Of all the burn cases—by accident or by non-napalm weaponry—that came to his attention, only 5% required plastic surgery.

As for war casualties, Rusk discovered that most were caused by the Viet Cong, who follow a deliberate policy of killing civilians. In a hospital in the Mekong Delta, Rusk came across a five-year-old girl who had lost both legs at the knees. The Viet Cong raided her village, and when they discovered that all the men had fled, flung grenades into houses where the women and children were hiding. At another hospital, Rusk witnessed the arrival of 17 civil-



DR. HOWARD RUSK



BURNED VICTIM OF LAND-MINED BUS

Stoves, not bombs, and V.C., not G.I.

ians who had been badly mauled when their bus ran over a Viet Cong land mine—one of the principal causes of war injuries. A six-year-old child died before Rusk's eyes.

"The load of casualties superimposed on the already overburdened hospitals is unbelievable," Rusk concludes. But the U.S. has kept the system from collapsing and will continue to do more. "It has always been our policy to help the sick and the wounded, whatever the cause, and this we are attempting to do in Viet Nam."

The Bombing Story

As New York Timesman Rusk destroyed the napalm myth, the London *Economist* just as effectively disposed of another anti-U.S. allegation: that U.S. bombers are indiscriminately killing South Vietnamese civilians. U.S. bombing policy, noted the *Economist*, is based on "two apparently contrary, yet complementary principles. In certain special zones or in areas where full-scale operations are being waged against the enemy, the bombing is devastating and relentless. But in areas which contain civilians, the most elaborate ground rules are in force to try to stop them from being hurt."

As an example, said the *Economist*, no air strike can be made unless the local province chief gives his approval. This may often result in delays that allow the enemy to escape. "British television viewers," said the *Economist*, "who are conditioned to regard the air war in Viet Nam as an unrelieved exercise in American brutality, could profitably observe this curious partnership between American pilots and Vietnamese officials."

Before bombing commences, continued the *Economist*, the target is pinpointed by observers, who "reconnoiter the area for hours in slow-flying aircraft, often at great personal risk. If

there is a possibility of hitting civilians, the whole thing is usually called off." In some areas of the Mekong Delta that have been declared "friendly," U.S. patrol boats are forbidden to return enemy fire for fear of hitting civilians. B-52 bombers, used only in full-scale open fighting, are electronically controlled and have a "remarkable" degree of accuracy. "The picture is reasonably clear," concluded the *Economist*. "Perhaps never before has a belligerent wielded such a preponderance of power with so much restraint."

NEWSPAPERS

A Jackie Exclusive

"And the stares and pointing, and the stories . . . The strangest stories that haven't a word of truth in them, great long analytical pieces written by people you never met, never saw. I guess they have to make a living, but what's left of a person's privacy or a child's right to privacy?" Jacqueline Kennedy's understandable complaint appeared in a rather unprivate place—an article about her, her children and her life since the assassination in the New York World Journal Tribune. The basis of the story was a lengthy interview she gave to W.J.T. Editor Frank Conniff and Columnist Bob Considine. Stretching the interview over three successive days, the paper made the most of what it described as its "dialogue" with the "beauty known as Jacqueline, the sprite called Jackie, widow of a slain President, loving mother of his daughter and son."

Jackie, thinks Conniff, was anxious to combat the barrage of unfavorable publicity caused by William Manchester's book *The Death of a President*. "She's a fighter for all her frail beauty," he maintains. During the Manchester episode, she called Conniff several times for advice; in turn, he asked for a

* Among the famous patients he has helped rehabilitate: Joseph Kennedy, Roy Campanella, Marty Green, Vincent Lopez.

MILESTONES



JOHN, JACKIE & CAROLINE AT MANHATTAN ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE
To see the stone is part of knowing.

favor; the interview. An old friend of both Jack and Joe Kennedy, Conniff was hardly likely to be hostile. Jackie imposed no conditions on him, as she had on Manchester, nor did she ask to read the copy ahead of time. "She trusted us not to make it sensational," says Conniff.

Picture of Travail. The interview began in front of the Guggenheim museum (where a beatnik type "swept off his rakish Astrakhan hat and stood transfixed"), then moved on to Schraff's (where John Jr. had a butter-scotch sundae), and ended up at a friend's Fifth Avenue apartment. Conniff and Considine are unabashed admirers of "the young woman who bears such assorted burdens as Gallup's pronouncement that she is the most admired person of her sex in the world . . . a woman who has been on the best-dressed lists most of her adult life . . . the smile that had launched a thousand magazine covers."

As Conniff is the first to admit, the interview contains no startling revelations or disclosures. But when Considine stops painting his elaborate word pictures and lets Jackie talk, it gives a clear, poignant picture of her present life—along with its travail. Her children, for instance, are sometimes targets of madness or abuse. "I still haven't gotten over that strange woman," recalls Jackie, "who leaped at Caroline as we came out of church on All Saints' Day. She shouted at the poor child, 'Your mother is a wicked woman who has killed three people! and your father is still alive!' It was terrible, prying her loose." On another occasion, a group of children decided to follow Jackie and John home from school. One of them kept shouting at John: "Your father's dead, your father's dead." "You know how children are," says Jackie. "They've even said it to me when I've run into them at school."

Tactful Deletion. Not that Jackie is trying to protect her children from the past. "I want to help John go back and find his father," she told the newsmen. "It can be done. There was that stone his father placed on a mound during his visit to Argentina a long time ago, and then when I took the children there later, John put a stone on top of his father's. He'd like to go back to Argentina and see his stone, and his father's stone—and that will be part of knowing his father."

Conniff and Considine tactfully avoided mentioning Dallas and deleted an exuberant remark Jackie made praising Bobby: "I'd jump out of the window for him." Conniff is so pleased with the interview that he plans to run it again in the Easter Sunday issue.

Sigh of Relief in Toledo

A stalemated strike that has kept Toledo's two newspapers, the morning Times and the afternoon Blade, shut down for nearly five months, was finally settled last week. Not that the two sides had ever been all that far apart. The unions were asking for a two-year contract with a \$24-a-week raise; the company offered a 28-month contract with a \$20 raise.

Bitterness was the problem. Bargaining sessions produced only fits of temper. Negotiations were derailed at one critical point when the crusty publisher of the papers, Paul Block Jr., denounced the Newspaper Guild for taking scholarship money from the CIA. The only bright spot was a remarkably professional daily paper that the unions put out on a collection of antiquated presses; it reached a circulation of 80,000 and was actually making money. Agreement, when it came, was a result less of bargaining than of mutual weariness. It reportedly provided for a two-year contract and a \$21 raise. Now the unions must ratify the contract.

Divorced. George Blake, 44, British diplomat turned Soviet spy, who triggered a national prison-security scandal last October when he sawed his way out of London's Wormwood Scrubs, where he was serving a 42-year sentence, and presumably fled the country; by Gillian Blake, 33; on grounds of cruelty; after twelve years of marriage, three children; in London.

Divorced. By Edwin Russell, 52, publisher of the Harrisburg Patriot-News; Iris Paine Russell, 40, wealthy descendant of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt; on grounds of "incompatibility of character"; after 18 weeks of marriage (which took place last October, just 24 days after he was divorced by her second cousin, Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill); in Juárez, Mexico.

Died. Victor A. Johnston, 66, long-time Republican senatorial campaign director, known as "the silver fox of Capitol Hill" because of his handsome white mane and his sharp nose for turning up election funds, who in 18 years raised uncounted millions to help such candidates as Harold E. Stassen, Joseph McCarthy, Robert A. Taft, and Barry Goldwater, and counted as one of his toughest jobs finding financial support last year for Oregon's Mark Hatfield, whose dovish stand on Viet Nam soured many powerful G.O.P. money-men; of a heart attack; in Miami.

Died. Arthur Lewis Miller, 74, long-time (1943-59) Republican Congressman from Nebraska, a practicing physician-turned-conservative legislator who devoted his career to fighting what he considered "socialist giveaways," such as foreign aid, public-power projects and all welfare programs; of heart disease; in Chevy Chase, Md.

Died. Geraldine Farrar, 85, soprano at the Met during opera's golden age, who won her early triumphs in Europe before going home in 1906 to debut at the Met, where she reigned for 16 years of tumultuous adulation through 493 performances in 30 roles, blending her vibrant voice with Caruso's celebrated tenor, before suddenly retiring in 1922 at the peak of her career; of a heart attack; in Ridgefield, Conn.

Died. Alice Tisdale Hobart, 85, author, who sailed to China to visit a sister in 1908, stayed on to marry an oil-company official and cross-country the land until 1927, when she settled down in the U.S. to spin her impressions into novels, first *Oil for the Lamps of China*, a 1933 bestseller and 1935 movie, followed by six others (*The Innocent Dreamers*) centered in Asia and permeated with foreboding of endless strife because of the clash of races and cultures; of cancer; in Oakland, Calif.



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ART

KINETICS

Labyrinthine Fun House

The Patriarch of Venice could hardly believe his eyes when he put on the trick spectacles at the prizewinning display of Argentina's Julio Le Parc, 38, at the Venice Biennale last summer. In front of the eyeholes loomed shiny flaps of metal reflecting his own disbelief. Argentine military brass, puffed out with pride that their countryman had won the Grand Prix for painting, deflated with astonishment when they stood in front of one of Le Parc's "paintings"—a long sheet of shiny metal that cap-

round works of art. "Rather than take my art seriously," he explains, "the spectator should laugh when he enters the room." The cream of the jest Le Parc generally keeps to himself: that his lighthearted approach and kinetic wizardry are based on more than 20 years of training and seven of theorizing.

A machinist's son, young Julio entered the Buenos Aires Academy of Fine Arts at 15, evolved from naturalistic painter into op artist under the influence of the works of Klee, Mondrian and Vasarely. He emigrated to Paris in 1958 and two years later, with a handful of other young Parisian art-



LE PARC BEFORE (& BEHIND) HIS CREATIONS
Don't bother about how seriously.

tured their own images, then freakishly elongated them as they pressed the foot pedal that set the sheet in motion.*

Youthful American collectors knew exactly what to do with Le Parc's exhibit when it arrived at Manhattan's Howard Wise Gallery last week. Few could afford Le Parc's larger zebra-striped mobiles or a unit of multiple-pushbutton boxes of "7 surprise movements," but they snapped up his nearly identical, spidery shadow pictures and smaller, tinkling aluminum abstractions at prices ranging from \$135 on up.

Cheating Cheaters. As far as the young and adventurous are concerned, Julio Le Parc sums up what is happening in art. How seriously they take him is a question that doesn't bother Le Parc at all. He describes his own work as "a labyrinth, a fun house, a release from the conventional, uncomfortable world." He is all against the high seriousness with which critics and museums sur-

ists, formed the highly experimental *Groupe de Recherche d'Art Visuel*. One of the group's "researches" consisted of passing out Le Parc's cheating cheaters, along with chairs and shoes set on kangaroo springs, to passers-by on the St. Germain and Montparnasse boulevards. The man in the street loved them, though many were a trifle mystified by an accompanying questionnaire that asked, among other things: "This demonstration seems to you a) useful, b) stupid, c) amusing, d) pretentious?"

Fixing the Fleeting. Since then, Le Parc's techniques have grown more sophisticated. He now uses motors to animate many of his pieces, creates the effect of lights, including some that rebound so that the spectator sees himself with a thousand different faces. Le Parc feels that light and movement are an improved way to convey today's inescapable but often evanescent reality. "Once," he says, "things were more eternal. Art was made to be eternal. Cathedrals were built to be eternal. The viewer felt himself to be a fixed entity. Today, people feel differently. Fashions change, automobile styles change. Everything is more fleeting."

PAINTING

Enhanced Beauty

One of the most pampered and mysterious ladies of the Italian Renaissance took up official residence in Washington last week. With a minimum of fanfare, Leonardo da Vinci's *Ginevra dei Benci* (see color), acquired from the private collection of Prince Franz Josef II of Liechtenstein for more than \$5,000,000 last month, went on display in solitary splendor in the National Gallery's "Lobby B," a small anteroom with a 28-ft. ceiling, limestone walls and a marble floor.

The painting was protected by a bullet-resistant Plexiglas case surrounded by crimson velvet and framed in a period frame specially adapted for it by Manhattan Framemaker Robert Kulicke (who charged \$1,240 for 62 hours' work). Visitors could observe both the 151-in. by 141-in. portrait and the juniper-and-laurel device on the reverse side of its wooden panel, inscribed with a scroll: *Virtutem Forma Decorat* (Beauty Enhances Virtue).

Berenson's Command. What was immediately apparent as Washingtonians filed past the most expensive painting in history was that their respect for its virtues had been distinctly enhanced by the beauty of its price tag, and that few among them who looked on the lady would be able, with the best of intentions, to admire her for herself alone. Washington's critics, however, welcomed the painting on esthetic rather than monetary grounds. "All in all," the Star's Frank Gettlein sighed, "a lovely thing."

To the National Gallery's courtly, erudite Director John Walker, 60, who has spent years negotiating for the painting, the present hoo-ha is simply proportionate to the prize. He has coveted *Ginevra dei Benci* ever since he was first shown the painting in the prince's collection by the late Bernard Berenson, in 1930. "After I became curator of the National Gallery," Walker recalls, "Berenson would say to me, 'I don't care what else you get as a curator, but before I die, I want you to get the Leonardo.'"

Complex as Life. Walker himself came to understand Berenson's insistence when he observed the lady at length while it was on loan at London's National Gallery between 1951 and 1953. "This picture," he explains, "has a mysterious way of growing on you the more often you see it. To me, *Ginevra* is utterly fascinating, more fascinating than the *Mona Lisa*, a miracle of psychological insight. Only once did Leonardo attempt to convey a mood of melancholy reserve, of disillusioned detachment. One feels, to quote Yeats, that *Ginevra* has 'cast a cold eye on life, on death.' Concludes Walker: "Mona Lisa's smile is without guaiety; *Ginevra's* somberness is without dejection. In these two paintings Leonardo has presented us with personalities as complex as life itself."

* Actually, the judges gave Le Parc the prize in painting for lack of a better category. In view of the increasing number of works that defy the usual classifications of "painting" and "sculpture," they also recommended that in the future, categories be dropped entirely.

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THE THEATER

Ticker-Tape Blizzard of Fun

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running, by Robert Anderson, uses sex as a jump rope for four separate playlets, skipping over and over the subject all evening. The result is a trifle obsessive but thoroughly enjoyable.

The first one-acter is almost a Broadway in joke. Since *Marat Sade* accustomed audiences to the sight of a man's naked backside, what are the prospects for a frontal confrontation? A dead-serious playwright (George Grizzard) with integrity fever wants to stage precisely that. In the opening scene of his play, a man will be offstage in the bathroom brushing his teeth. His wife, in the



BALSAM IN "WATER'S RUNNING"
One of life's little ironies.

adjoining bedroom, calls out something. Suddenly the man appears, stark naked, toothbrush in hand, saying, "You know I can't hear you when the water's running." According to the playwright, this will trigger a "shock of recognition" in the audience, penis pity, perhaps.

Anderson's sight gag becomes howlingly funny when the first auditioner (Martin Balsam) appears. Anxious for the part but puzzled by its demands, the actor agrees to become fatter or thinner, remove his toupee, shave his chest—anything. As the real test of his abilities becomes clear to him, he begins to unbutton his shorts with a what-the-hell bravado. But life's little irony is that the playwright has fled, being the sort of man who cannot bear a dirty joke, let alone cast a nude male.

The second and most attenuated of the playlets takes place in the basement showroom of a bedding store, and proves only that Eros is the god of youth and the goad of middle age.

The third sketch strates humor with poignancy. A daughter is going off to college. Her mother (Eileen Heckart), pridefully modern, is anxious to turn the girl into a kind of one-woman prophylactic kit. The husband (Balsam) wants to preserve for his daughter something of the force, excitement and mystery of an intimately loving man-woman encounter. As a man who pledges his word and his heart, he is wounded at playlet's end by a generation that occasionally pledges neither.

Pure zany farce concludes the evening as a senile old couple, rocking-chair riveted and several times married, proceed to confuse spouses, names and places in a marital variation of the old "Who's on first?" routine.

Running would not skim along as effortlessly as it does if the cast did not slalom through the comedy with such dazzling grace. Martin Balsam, in particular, can be wacky, pathetic, puzzled and convulsive in sequence. Whenever Playwright Anderson's comic invention turns paper thin, Director Alan Schneider unfurls it with blinding finesse so that the show remains a ticker-tape blizzard of hilarity.

Cold Fire

That Summer—That Fall, by Frank D. Gilroy. Fate is a tury, and it cannot be dramatically served at room temperature. Like meteors, the heroes and heroines of tragedy consume themselves in flaming arcs of passion as they streak across the night sky of destiny. Playwright Gilroy (*The Subject Was Roses*) has had the dubious inspiration to modernize the Phaedra plot of Euripides and Racine and play it cool. His drama is as incendiary as a wet match head.

A paunchy, middle-aged Italian restaurant owner (Richard Castellano) discovers that he has an illegitimate son from a long-past liaison. The boy (Jon Voight) is 22, a blond sunburst who looks as if he had spent an eternity on a tennis court. The father breaks the news to his wife by bringing the son home for a visit. The wife (Irene Papas) is a moody, olive-dark, childless woman of 36 who has been pacing her life like a tiger in a cage of desire. Unable to restrain herself, she kisses the youth. When he spurns her ("Get yourself another boy") she takes despairing revenge in suicide. The boy is later killed in a car crash.

Laconic to the point of taciturnity, Playwright Gilroy seems to have performed a sort of Pinterectomy on his dialogue without Pinter's flair for making silence crackle. The cast underplays to the point of emotional invisibility, a particular waste in the case of Irene Papas. There are 2,500 years of tragic tradition structured in her Greek face, and as her film *Electra* showed, she could steal the fire of Olympus and set Broadway ablaze.

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RELIGION

PROTESTANTS

Obedient Rebel

[See Cover]

Of few men can it be said with absolute certainty that they changed the course of history. Jesus was one; so was Karl Marx. Still another was Martin Luther, friar of the Augustinian Order of Eremites, who 450 years ago posted his 95 theses concerning indulgences to the door of the Wittenberg Castle Church. There was nothing defiant or earth-shaking about the act itself—all theologians of the day publicly announced their willingness to debate a timely religious issue. Not until later, in fact, did Luther come to realize that his action of Oct. 31, 1517, was the first shot in the war of words that was to create the Reformation.

To Yale's Lutheran Historian Jaroslav Pelikan, the Reformation was a "tragic necessity"—tragic in that it shattered the unity of Christendom, necessary in that it cleansed the church and restored man's faith in God to its Scriptural roots. It is equally true that the Reformation is an unrealized hope and unfinished ideal. Today, says Dr. Wilhelm Pauck of Union Theological Seminary, "one could characterize the spirit of our epoch as pre-Reformation. The old order is in a process of dissolution, but there is also a great positive religious expectancy."

Rudderless Ship. Several theologians, in fact, have quite soberly wondered aloud whether the situation of the church demands the shock of another Luther. Even as it gropes toward ecumenical union, Protestantism stands threatened by secular inroads and spiritual indifference. Ranking church leaders openly question the relevance of Christianity, while old denominational quarrels have been upstaged by a new threat of schism: crisis-centered activists who see the church's tunction as worldly service, against heaven-glancing traditionalists who argue that Christ's message was to save souls not nations.

Given new impetus by a council that in many ways answered the Reformation demands upon it, Roman Catholicism frequently seems like a ship that has lost its rudder in high seas: almost every week a priest defects and marries, a theologian challenges defined dogma, new evidence appears that laymen are putting aside authority-given moral guidance to take a stand, Luther-like, as conscience dictates.

Christian thoughts about a second Luther coincide with a remarkable surge of new interest in the first. Within the past 50 years, points out Theologian Pauck, there have been more books written about Luther than about any other Christian figure, including Jesus. According to Dean John Dillenberger of Berkeley's Graduate Theological Union, seminary students are showing a



LUTHER (LEFT) & FELLOW REFORMERS, CIRCA 1530
Unity was shattered, but roots restored.

new interest in Luther's own writings, finding in them an existential kinship to that favored secular rebel with a cause, Albert Camus. During this anniversary year of the Reformation, there will be Luther-honoring services and seminars in Protestant churches around the globe—including several in East Germany, where the atheist Ulbricht regime officially regards Luther as a spiritual precursor of Marxism for his fight against imperial and Papal oppression.

Scorn Gone. The most remarkable aspect of the Luther renaissance is that it is enthusiastically endorsed by Roman Catholics, whose post-conciliar hymnbooks are patently incomplete if they do not include his martial hymn, *A Mighty Fortress Is Our God*. Less than a generation ago, Luther was scorned—even by Catholic scholars who should have known better—as a sensuous, psychotic, fallen monk, the deliberate destroyer of Christendom. Luther, wrote Jesuit Hartmann Grisar in his 1926 biography, suffered from "an extraordinary capacity for self-delusion."

Today, the vast majority of Catholic theologians concedes that Luther was a profound spiritual thinker who was driven into open revolt by the corruption of the Renaissance church and the intransigent stupidity of his Popes. Jesuit John Courtney Murray, for example,

calls Luther "a religious genius—compassionate, rhetorical and full of insights." An American theologian teaching in Rome allows that "Luther was right on indulgences and on most theological points," and that his teachings on justification "are more palatable to me than Thomas Aquinas." After studying one of Luther's major doctrinal tracts, reports Father John Healey of the Jesuits' Woodstock seminary, "my students say that the only question we're not talking about today is the problem with the Hussites"—the pre-Reformation Bohemian heretics of the 15th century.

Prophetic Figure. Appropriately enough, contemporary interest in Luther is proportionate to his direct impact on Protestant Christianity. Of the world's 230 million Protestants, 74.5 million call themselves Lutherans. Although a truly universal church, Lutheranism is strongest in Germany, Scandinavia and the U.S., where it is the third largest Protestant segment (after the Baptists and the Methodists). Three branches of the faith account for most of the nation's 10 million Lutherans: the Lutheran Church in America, the American Lutheran Church and the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod.

Far more than other reformers, Luther towers over his century by the sheer force of his personality, Churchillian in its scope and complexity. Yale's Roland Bainton, whose *Here I Stand* is one of the best modern biographies of the reformer, says that "Luther is not an individual. He is a phenomenon." Dr. Jerald Brauer, dean of the University of Chicago Divinity School, calls Luther "one of the three or four greatest figures in the history of Christianity, perhaps the greatest prophetic figure in post-Apostolic Western Christendom."

So large is Luther that every age has been able to find in him a religious hero to its own liking. To the Enlightenment he was above all an individualist and rationalist who sneered at superstition and fought totalitarianism. The Romantic era saw Luther as a German nationalist, the rebel against Roman imperialism. Turn-of-the-century Christian liberals pictured him as a primitive

With John Oecolampadius of Basle, Elector John Frederick ("The Magnanimous") of Saxony, Ulrich Zwingli and Luther's Wittenberg associate, Philip Melancthon painted by Lucas Cranach the Elder, who in 1526 also did the portrait on TIME's cover.

reductionist who tried to return the church to its apostolic simplicity. Since Luther's fears, foibles and physical ailments are amply documented—notably in his own writings, which fill some 100 volumes in the authoritative Weimar Edition—he has provided a wide target for psychoanalysis and playwrights. A successful case in point is John Osborne's *Luther*, in which the reformer came across as a manic-depressive lout, whose rebellion against the church was motivated by a father fixation and a bad case of constipation.

Human Saint. Luther defies easy characterization, however, since his life and work add up to a complex of paradoxes. An authentic spiritual revolutionary, he was at the same time a social and political conservative, wedded to the ideals of feudal society. A limpid preacher of God's majesty and transcendence, he was capable of a four-letter grossness of language. He was the archetype of individual Christian assertion; yet he could be brutally intolerant of dissent, and acquiescent in the suppression of those he considered heretics. Prayerful and beer-loving, sensual and austere, he was the least saintly, but most human, of saints.

Beyond personality, interest in Luther focuses on his efforts to solve the most fundamental of Christian problems: man's relationship to God. The answer that he found—that man is saved by God's grace through faith alone—is as old as Paul, but Luther's particular framing of it came precisely at the right moment. A few decades earlier, suggests Dr. Franklin Clark Fry, president of the Lutheran Church in America, Luther the rebel might have gone the way of Jan Hus or Savonarola, who were burned at the stake before their ideas could gain momentum. And by the end of the 16th century, spiritual renewal of the church might have been achieved from within, perhaps by that



charismatic figure of Rome's Counter Reformation, Ignatius Loyola.

No more than Loyola did Luther want to divide Christianity: for at least half of his life he was an unquestioningly loyal, devout Catholic, remarkable for his devotion in an age better known by its sinners than its saints. Born in 1483, the son of a Saxon miner, Luther had every intention of becoming a lawyer until, one day in 1505, he was caught in a sudden storm while walking toward the village of Stotternheim. A bolt of lightning knocked him to the ground, and Luther, terrified, called out to the church's patroness of miners: "St. Anne, help me! I will become a monk."

Sheer Monksy. Much to his parents' dismay, Luther kept the vow, two weeks later entered the Augustinian priory at Erfurt. Luther was a pious cleric. "I kept the rule so strictly," he recalled years later, "that I may say that if ever a monk got to Heaven by his sheer monksy it was I. If I had kept on any longer, I should have killed myself with vigils, prayers, reading and other work."

What drove Luther to health-cracking rigors of austerity—he sometimes fasted for three days, slept without a blanket in freezing winter—was a profound sense of his own sinfulness and of God's unutterable majesty. In the midst of saying his first Mass, Luther wrote, "I was utterly stupefied and terror-stricken. I thought to myself, 'Who am I that I should lift up mine eyes or raise my hands to the divine majesty? For I am dust and ashes and full of sin, and I am speaking to the living, eternal and true God.' No amount of penance, no soothing advice from his superiors could still Luther's conviction that he was a miserable, doomed sinner. Although his confessor counseled him to love God, Luther one day burst out, "I do not love God! I hate him!"

From Faith to Faith. Luther found that missing love in the study of Scripture. Assigned to the chair of Biblical

studies at Wittenberg University, he became fascinated and puzzled by the emphasis on righteousness in the Psalms and in Paul's epistles—notably *Romans 1: 17*: "For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith: as it is written, The just shall live by faith." As Luther later explained: "Night and day I pondered, until I saw the connection between the justice of God and the statement that 'the just shall live by faith.' Then I grasped that the justice of God is that righteousness by which, through grace and sheer mercy, God justifies us through faith. Thereupon I felt myself to be reborn and to have gone through open doors into paradise."

The doctrine of justification—the cornerstone of the Reformation—was not in itself novel or un-Catholic. Yet from this central teaching, Luther was eventually to draw several conclusions that more bluntly challenged the spiritual structure of post-medieval Catholicism. If faith saves, man therefore has less need of clerical mediators between him and the Almighty. If man is to have faith, he will find it primarily through God's word, both written and preached.

Treasury of Merits. Luther's faith-centered theology ran strongly counter to the religious practice of 16th century Catholicism, which overemphasized the belief that man could earn his salvation, and the remission of temporal punishment for sin, by good works. Central to this thinking was the church's system of indulgences. In exchange for a meritorious work—frequently, contributing to a worthy cause or making a pilgrimage to a shrine—the church would dispense a sinner from his temporal punishment through its "treasury of merits." This consisted of the grace accumulated by Christ's sacrifice on the cross and the good deeds of the saints.



POPE DISPENSING INDULGENCES
Salvation for sale.



LUTHER NAILING 95 THESES
Ideals for every age.

All too frequently in church preaching, the indulgence was made out to be some sort of magic: a good deed automatically got its reward, regardless of the disposition of the donor's soul.

Armed with his new-found understanding of faith, Luther began to criticize the theology of indulgences in his sermons. His displeasure noticeably increased during 1517, when the Dominican John Tetzel was preaching throughout much of Germany on behalf of a papal fund-raising campaign to complete St. Peter's Basilica. In exchange for a contribution, Tetzel boasted, he would provide donors with an indulgence that would even apply beyond the grave and free souls from purgatory. "As soon as the coin in the coffer rings," went his jingle, "the soul from purgatory springs." To Luther, this was bad theology if not worse, and he promptly drew up his 95 theses.⁶ Among other things, they argued that indulgences cannot remove

at Leipzig. Luther blurted out: "A council may sometimes err. Neither the church nor the Pope can establish articles of faith. These must come from Scripture." Instead of offering him Biblical proof, Pope Leo X issued a bull demanding Luther's recanting—on pain of excommunication—that began: "Arise, O Lord, and judge thy cause. A wild boar has invaded thy vineyard."

In reply, the boar burned the bull. Luther had attacked indulgences with more than theological argument. In a calculated appeal to the growing spirit of German nationalism, his treatises complained that a soft and corrupt Rome was robbing Germany of its wealth. Within weeks after he wrote them, Luther's latest polemics were printed and circulated throughout the Holy Roman Empire. By 1521, when he was invited by Emperor Charles V to answer the charges against him at the Diet of Worms, the unknown friar had become a folk

of them far more radical than Luther, appeared on the scene—Ulrich Zwingli in Zurich, the ex-Dominican Martin Bucer in Strasbourg, Thomas M  nzer in Zwickau. More important, princes, dukes and electors defied the condemnation of Luther by giving covert support to the new movement.

In 1522, Luther returned to Wittenberg to put into effect a spiritual reform that became the model for much of Germany. The episcopate was abolished, since Luther had found no Scriptural warrant for the office of bishop. Clerical celibacy was abandoned, even for monks and nuns—and in 1525, Luther married a former nun, Katharine von Bora. The sacraments were reduced from seven to two: baptism and the Lord's Supper. Luther revised the Latin liturgy and translated it into German, allowing the laity to receive the consecrated wine as well as the Host, substituting a new popular hymnody for Gregorian chant. Emphasis in worship changed from the celebration of the sacrificial Mass to the preaching and teaching of God's word.

Civilization Transformed. By 1530, when a summit conference of Reformation leaders convened in Augsburg to draw up a common statement of faith (the Augsburg Confession) leadership of the movement had begun to pass out of Luther's hands. He continued to preach and teach the Bible in Wittenberg, but even sympathetic biographers have found it hard to justify some of the actions of his declining years. He endorsed the bigamous marriage of his supporter, Prince Philip of Hesse. He denounced reformers who disagreed with him in terms that he had once reserved for the papacy. His statements about the Jews would sound excessive on the tongue of a Hitler. By the time of his death in 1546, admits Biographer Bainton, Luther was "an irascible old man, petulant, peevish, unrestrained, and at times positively coarse."

The personal defects of an aging rebel do not in any way detract from the grandeur of his achievement, which ultimately transformed not only Christianity but all of Western civilization. Luther's conviction that all men stand equally naked before God constitutes the theological substratum justifying liberal democracy. His teaching on "the two kingdoms"—that man with his soul belongs to the church, and with his body to the world—contributed to the rise of the modern secular state. Luther's conception of the "priesthood of all believers" implied that man served God best in his daily existence—the basis of the Protestant ethic of work and achievement. His insistence that men must read God's word contributed to the spread of literacy. And in his own translation of the Bible—a rendering whose only peers are the King James version and the Latin Vulgate—Luther wrote a German of poetry and power that has been matched only by Goethe himself. In effect, he created a common



LUTHER AT THE DIET OF WORMS
Captive to the Word of God.

guilt, do not apply to purgatory, and are harmful because they induce a false sense of security in the donor.

Boar v. Bull. Within a short time the German Dominicans denounced Luther to Rome as a man guilty of preaching "dangerous doctrines." A Vatican theologian issued a series of countertheses, arguing that anyone who criticized indulgences was guilty of heresy. Initially willing to accept a final verdict from Rome, Luther began to insist on Scriptural proof that he was wrong—and even questioned papal authority over purgatory. During an 18-day debate in 1519 with Theologian John Eck

hero, There, Luther once more insisted that only Biblical authority would save him. "My conscience is captive to the Word of God," he told the court. "I will not recant anything, for to go against conscience is neither honest nor safe. Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise, God help me, Amen."

Revolt Against Rome. Excommunicated, Luther was saved from arrest and death by Elector Frederick the Wise of Saxony, whose domains included Wittenberg, and given sanctuary at the lonely Wartburg Castle. Luther stayed for nearly a year, during which he translated the New Testament into German. Meanwhile, the revolt against Rome spread: in town after town, priests and town councils removed statues from the churches and abandoned the Mass. New reformers, many

⁶ In 1962 German Catholic Theologian Erwin Iserloh suggested that Luther simply mailed copies of his theses to two of his churchly superiors. Most historians believe that the traditional theses-posting story is probably accurate.

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Catholic Scope. Out of conviction, Luther stood for truth at the expense of unity—but the truths he stood for are essential to the Christian church: the primacy of faith and God's word, the necessity of an *ecclesia semper reformanda* (ever-reforming church), and the centrality of Jesus Christ. The Lutheran heritage, sums up Theologian Joseph Sittler of the University of Chicago Divinity School, is "a tradition of profound, relentless, critical Biblical studies, a theological reflection of truly catholic scope, a type of piety nurtured by liturgical continuity with the old Catholic tradition."

Even after the break with Rome, church historians agree, Luther wanted only to reform the one true church—and not to found a new Lutheran denomination. With that in mind, many contemporary theologians agree that he could hardly fail to be displeased by much of the present condition of the churches.

One object of Luther's wrath might well be the bureaucratization of the churches. Although one target of the Reformation was the overweening power of the Roman Curia, hardly a U.S. church exists without a frightening quota

of red tape and organizational concern. "The Law of Moses may have been abrogated," glooms Yale Historian Pelikan, "but not Parkinson's." Bureaucratic business goes hand in hand with clerical direction of the churches. "It is one of the great ironies of history," says Dean F. Thomas Trotter of California's Claremont School of Theology, "that whereas Protestantism began as an anti-clerical movement, by and large today, at least in America, it is a movement of the clergy."

Brownie Points. An even graver charge is that in much of Protestantism—including many of the churches that bear Luther's name—his central insight into the primacy of faith has been lost in a bog of building campaigns, service agencies, relief programs and other church-instigated "good works." American Christianity, charges Lutheran Theologian Martin Marty, has fallen back on precisely the kind of spiritual error that the Reformation was designed to combat. The typical parishioner, adds Marty's colleague at the University of Chicago, Theologian Brian Gerrish, feels that he has "done something that puts God in his debt if he puts down a nice thick carpet in the chancel hall—a sort of afterlife insurance policy." Some laymen feel that all too many clerics

are trying to earn what Marty calls "Brownie Points" by engaging in secular crusades—picketing against Viet Nam or for civil rights.

While the time may have arrived for another Luther, few Christian leaders expect one. For one thing, many Protestant thinkers are convinced that denominationalism is an obsolescent evil—the answer to Christian failings is not a revolt that creates still another new church. For another, a Christian distraught at the situation of the churches no longer needs to create a new spiritual community. Says Father Dino Bellucci of Rome's Gregorian University: "Today, it is possible for a man to leave the organized church and try to remain a Christian outside organized Christianity"—the path chosen by English Theologian Charles Davis when he recently left Catholicism (TIME, Dec. 30).

A new Luther would almost certainly be as much of an unpredictable surprise to Christianity as the original was. There are Protestants as well as Catholics who believe that a modern reformer has already appeared, in the person of Pope John XXIII. "If we think functionally of someone who opened up the church to reform," contends Claremont's Dean Trotter, "the closest to Martin Luther has been Pope John." Catholic Philosopher Michael Novak of Stanford suggests that Luther's spirit of reform is most likely to be embodied, if at all, by someone totally outside Christianity. "The Luthers today are not in the established church," he argues. Novak suggests that the impulse for reformation today is in the New Left. Lutheran Liturgist Edgar S. Brown agrees that should a new Luther materialize, he would most likely turn up as "a novelist, poet or dramatist"—someone with the gift of words that Luther had "to get at men's minds and hearts and grab them."

Guilt & Fear. Whether or not a new reformer appears to shock Christianity out of its malaise, churchmen agree that the old Luther still speaks directly to many of their current concerns. Although theologians have trouble trying to translate justification by faith into contemporary terms—a discussion of the subject at a 1963 meeting of the Lutheran World Federation broke up in total bafflement—few Protestants are prepared to repudiate it. Yale's Pelikan insists that "there is some relevance to a thought whose entire concern is how to cope with guilt, anxiety and fear."

Anglican Bishop C. K. Sansbury, general secretary of the British Council of Churches, suggests that Luther's basic insight into justification by faith "fits in very closely with the findings of many psychologists. When you think of all the nervous breakdowns, which are caused by the fact that people have built up some great image, this is still a liberating doctrine: that even when you slip up, you lay the whole lot at the feet of Christ, and you go on from there. All the striving and fear and anxiety goes. This seems to me a rediscovered

Reflections from an Irregular Planet

Martin Luther was nothing if not eloquent, on everything both sacred and secular. A sampling of his opinions:

On God: "God uses lust to impel men to marriage, ambition to office, avarice to earning, and fear to faith. God led me like an old blind horse."

On the Pope: "You are a servant of servants, and more than all other men you are in a most miserable and dangerous position. Be not deceived by those who pretend that you are lord of the world. They err who exalt you above a council and the church universal."

On Himself: "They are trying to make me into a fixed star. I am an irregular planet."

On the Priesthood of All Believers: "When a Pope or bishop anoints, he may make a hypocrite of a man, or an anointed imbecile, but never a Christian. The fact is that our baptism consecrates us all without exception, and makes us all priests."

On Preaching: "Do not try to imitate other people. Center on the shortest and simplest points, which are the very heart of the matter, and leave the rest to God."

On Celibacy: "My advice is, break the bonds, let each follow his own preference whether to marry or not to marry. The ministry was intended to train a church, with pastors living among the people and keeping house

as other people do. Such men should be granted permission to marry, in order to avoid temptation and sin. For, if God has not forbidden them, no man should or may do so. The Pope in making such a rule has no more power than if he were to forbid eating, or drinking, or the performance of other natural functions, or growing fat."

On Marriage: "There is a lot to get used to in the first year of marriage. One wakes up in the morning and finds a pair of pigtales on the pillow which were not there before."

On His Wife: "*Mara Katie, meus Christus.* I give more credit to Katherine than to Christ, who has done so much more for me."

On Ritual: "As wealth is the test of poverty, business the test of faithfulness, honors the test of humility, feasts the test of temperance, pleasures the test of chastity, so ceremonies are the tests of the righteousness of faith."

On Church & State: "Two kingdoms must be sharply distinguished: the one to produce piety, the other to bring about external peace and prevent evil deeds."

On Secular Rulers: "A wise prince is a rare bird indeed; still more so a pious prince. They are usually the greatest fools or the worst knaves on earth. They are God's jailers and hangmen, and His divine wrath needs them to punish the wicked."



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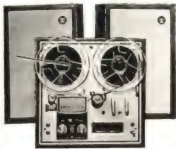
TIME, MARCH 24, 1967

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ery of the sheer wonder of God's grace."

Recent Luther research has emphasized the strong streak of secularity in his thought, which amounts to a virtual command for the Christian to live his faith in action. Traditionally, Luther's doctrine of "the two kingdoms" has been taken to imply that Christians should not interfere in the affairs of state. But Union Theological Seminary's Pauck points out that Luther, in his tract *On Civil Government*, argued that a Christian must disobey a political ruler who expects him to disobey the will of God. It is no accident that the martyred anti-Nazi hero of the World War II German resistance, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, was a Lutheran.

Christly Neighbors. Lutheran Leader Franklin Clark Fry suggests that a proper interpretation of the reformer's teaching is that faith must find its ex-

pression in action. Many of his ideas: the vernacular liturgy, the priority of Scripture, the church as the people of God who all share in the priesthood of Christ.

Temporary Movement. Protestant scholars, in turn, have been rediscovering how much of Luther was essentially Catholic—his lifelong devotion to the Virgin Mary, his belief in the efficacy of confession, his respect for a moderate amount of ceremony in worship, his spiritual debt to medieval mysticism. One leading Lutheran scholar, Dr. Carl Braaten of Chicago's Lutheran School of Theology, insists that Protestant union with Rome is precisely in accord with the reformer's wishes. "The Reformation was always meant to be a temporary movement," he contends. "When the Roman Catholic Church is reformed, there will be no justification for a separate Protestant church." He



LUTHER TRANSLATING BIBLE (CIRCA 1525)

Not so much an individual as a phenomenon.

istential expression in service. Luther advised his followers to be "a Christ to your neighbor"—which means, says Fry, "that one has to be the servant of everybody by love. Part of my service to my fellow man through love, in this age, is to make sure that he has his rights, to make sure that no man is robbed by society before he has a chance to live in society." Luther's conviction of man's equality before God implies that "I have to rebel with all the heat that is in me against any man's being submerged in this world."

Both Catholic and Protestant theologians agree that the founder of the Reformation is an apt starting point in today's quest for Christian unity. "Luther is an appropriate symbol of ecumenical encounter," says Chicago's Stittler. "His protest was a protest by a child of the church in the name of the church Catholic for the sake of the renewal of the church Catholic." Roman scholars agree and—more than four centuries later—the Second Vatican Council adopted

believes that any unified church structure would have to accept the papacy—not as an infallible magister but as "a symbol of the unity of the church."

But Luther does not offer to the church any easy, adaptable solutions to Christian troubles. What he presents is something more: the exemplar of what a man of faith can and must be. In a dark age obsessed by pain and trouble, Luther was above all an "Easter Christian," dominated by the memory and promise of Resurrection, the hope implicit in God's word. He also possessed in full measure the quality that the late Paul Tillich, himself a Lutheran, summed up as "the courage to be." For Luther, the life of faith was an existential risk: commitment to God was a summons to follow conscience and Christ—to sacrifice, dissent, even to death. Today, as in the 16th century, the believer will find few better guides than the words of God's obedient rebel at Worms: "Hier steh ich. Ich kann nicht anders."

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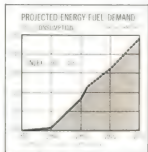
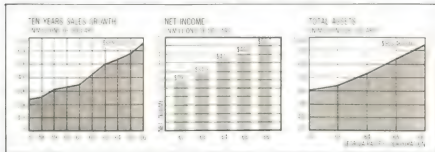
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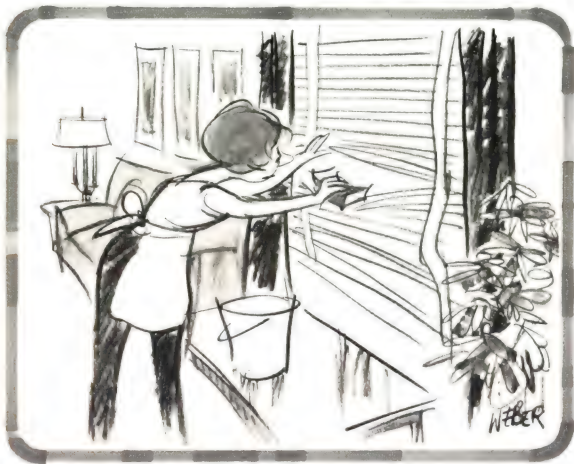
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U.S. BUSINESS

BANKING

Billion-Dollar Decision

The gossips had been busy since January. At first the rumor was that William McChesney Martin, 60, wanted to retire when his current four-year term as Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board expires March 31. Shortly after that was denied, word got around that President Johnson did not intend to reappoint Martin. Last week a Pebble Beach, Calif., bankers' conference hummed with talk that the President had

penditures that seemed necessary to arrest inflation. But if the Administration was reluctant, Martin was not. He not only read the danger signals but persuaded the Federal Reserve—over Johnson's personal and public protests—to raise the cost and cut the supply of money. Only last month he salted that wound by stating that "markets don't wait for Presidents."

When he testified last week before the House Banking Committee, the prestigious central-bank boss once more demonstrated his independence of the

tive labels, flout traditions, flaunt new ideas. Dewey Daane, 48, a Harvard-trained former Treasury aide, likes to call himself a "neo-Keynesian swinger." His was the key vote in the board's 4-3 decision to raise the discount rate—the interest that the Fed charges member banks for borrowing—from 4½% to its present 4¾% in December 1965. George Mitchell, 63, onetime director of finance for the State of Illinois, holds that the Fed may need a whole new set of monetary weapons to deal with tomorrow's checkless society, which will be managed



GOVERNORS DAANE, MAISEL, BRIMMER & MITCHELL



CHAIRMAN MARTIN

That last version had better be the right one.

finally made up his mind. He had written Martin, so the story went, asking him to serve a fifth term as chairman.

As far as businessmen, bankers and most politicians on both sides of the Atlantic are concerned, that final version had better be correct. In 16 years on the job, Martin has grown to be a symbol of monetary integrity; he is inflation's most powerful Washington foe. His departure not only could shake the business confidence that Johnson covets for his Administration, but it might undermine faith in the dollar abroad—particularly among Europeans who can act on their misgivings by swapping dollars for U.S. gold. A high Canadian finance official echoed a common sentiment when he warned: "If Johnson doesn't reappoint Bill Martin, it will cost the U.S. one billion dollars in gold."

Salting the Wound. Whatever the President's decision, it is not difficult to understand his reluctance to keep Martin around. In 1965 and election year 1966, the Johnson Administration shied away from the higher taxes or lower ex-

penditures. If Congress should cut Johnson's budget by \$5 billion, Martin suggested, he might even go so far as to withdraw his important support of the presidential request for a 6½ surcharge on income taxes at midyear.

The Activists. Whatever Martin's fate, though, the style of the Federal Reserve Board's seven-man board of governors has already undergone radical change. Elm logs still crackle in the fireplaces inside the Federal Reserve Building on Washington's Constitution Avenue; lights go off and doors are locked at 5:30 p.m. The physical pace remains leisurely enough to allow Martin, long since recovered from the surgery that hospitalized him last year, to resume his habitual afternoon tennis game. But in contrast to the cloistered detachment of the governors of the '50s, today's board is remarkably activist.

The transformation can be traced largely to the board's four junior members—all economists, all appointed since 1961, all independent enough in word and deed to blur old liberal-conserva-

by "a monetary cyclotron built from a network of computers."

Andrew Brimmer, 40, former Assistant Secretary of Commerce and the first Negro to sit as a governor of the Fed, packs his frequent speeches with unprecedented detail about the board's thinking. Sherman Maisel, 48, an easy-money housing expert who taught at the University of California, has startled most colleagues by faulting the Treasury (for selling gold for \$35 per ounce), the Budget Bureau (for incomprehensible bookkeeping) and the Council of Economic Advisers (for bad liaison with the Fed).

If he chooses, the President will soon be able to add another monetary liberal to the Fed's changing line-up. Under an obscure civil service rule unearthed recently, Charles N. Shepardson, 71, the board's sturdiest conservative, must retire by May 1 unless Johnson overrides the regulation. With or without Chairman Martin, it would seem, the once staid Fed has become a temple of iconoclasts.

HOUSING

Partners for "Piggyback"

To a greater degree than any other large segment of U.S. business, the housing industry depends for its health on a hefty and often erratic supply of credit. With good reason, many builders, lenders and manufacturers of building supplies blame Washington for the uneven flow of mortgage money. And in last year's tight-money squeeze, they were so starved for funds that homebuilding fell to a nine-year low of 1,228,000 new nonfarm starts. Last week six major materials-making companies teamed up to try to reduce housing's dependence on federal credit and the vagaries of national economic policies.

Led by U.S. Plywood-Champion Papers, Inc., the manufacturers formed their own mortgage-finance company and announced its intention to offer 10%-down-payment loans without Government backing to buyers of homes priced as high as \$40,000 or occasionally more. "There's an overwhelming need for this sort of thing," said Plywood-Champion President Gene C. Brewer. "Because of its fragmented nature, the industry is being manipulated at the will of agencies beyond its control—or even its advice. The time has come to help not only ourselves but our customers."

Modest Nest Egg. The new company, Home Capital Funds, Inc., will lend 15% of the price of a home, and such traditional mortgage sources as Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. and Minneapolis-based Investors Diversified Services will pick up another 75% to create a 90% loan. The arrangement is called "piggyback" financing because it avoids risky second mortgages, involves a single joint loan on each house. Brewer calls it "a virtual partnership" between lenders and manufacturers "to assure a continuous flow of money to buyers at rates and down payments they can afford."

Home Capital starts with a modest nest egg of \$2,000,000 put up by Plywood-Champion, Andersen Corp., Armstrong Cork, Kaiser Industries, Masonite and Reynolds Metals. By borrowing as much as twelve times that amount from banks and other sources of capital—much as consumer- and auto-finance concerns do—Home Capital expects to be able to make loans on some 7,000 homes within 18 months. The money will go primarily to buyers of new, one-family homes through mortgage bankers across the U.S. With more capital and borrowing, Home Capital aims at financing 100,000 homes a year by 1972, will reduce its own risk by insuring the loans with Milwaukee-based Mortgage Guaranty Insurance Corp.

Ambitious though the goal may seem, piggyback mortgaging has already caught on in Canada, where Central Covenants, Ltd., formed on the initiative of Alcan Aluminium, Ltd., has arranged low-down-payment loans on some 7,000 homes since mid-1964. In the U.S., Weyerhaeuser and General

Electric offer somewhat similar financing plans on a limited scale.

The Tilt, Manufacturers have moved into mortgages partly because of investors' increasing distaste for Government-backed FHA and VA home loans. FHA loan terms in recent years have increasingly favored the cheap end of the market. With an FHA mortgage, a buyer need put down only \$450 for a \$15,000 house; for a \$33,000 home, on the other hand, the agency insists on \$5,950 cash—as against \$3,300 under Home Capital's plan. For a \$40,000 house, FHA demands a \$12,950 down payment v. \$4,000 under piggyback. Home Capital's loans will carry an extra 1% interest rate above whatever the insurance company normally charges. On a 30-year, \$30,000 loan, that will add about \$5 to each monthly payment.



ANTITRUST'S TURNER

More the nature than the volume.

MERGERS

A Short Pause for New Rules

Only last December, the Federal Communications Commission agreed that a merger designed to turn International Telephone & Telegraph Corp. and American Broadcasting Co. into a \$2 billion telecommunications company was a good idea. Last week the FCC changed its mind. The reason for the reversal was simple: the merger is being strongly protested by the Justice Department's antitrust division—an agency that easily outranks the FCC in Washington's hierarchy. Bowing to the antitrust division's argument that the ITT-ABC merger might impede competition and open ABC public affairs programming to pressure from ITT's foreign customers, the FCC, by a 4-to-0 vote (with three commissioners abstaining), called for new hearings.

The decision probably earned Jus-

tice's trustbusters temporary relief from recent complaints that they have been too lenient with big-business mergers. Such criticism falls most heavily on Donald F. Turner, 46, who in two years as Assistant Attorney General in charge of antitrust has become resigned to trouble. "There are strong emotional views on antitrust," he says, "ranging between those who think it is too tough and those who think it is so soft as to be antiquated." Now he is mostly under attack as being too soft, by critics who note that in 1966 "large firm disappearances" (acquisitions of companies with \$10 million or more in assets) increased for the fourth consecutive year without notable opposition from Justice.

Sophisticated Dangers. Plaguing Turner even more than the sheer volume of mergers, though, is the changing nature of such activity. Once, most corporate marriages were either vertical (between suppliers and customers) or horizontal (between competitors). The Sherman and Clayton antitrust acts defined the terms for such mergers, and the Supreme Court interpreted the definitions in their strictest sense. Laws and precedent are much murkier regarding the "conglomerate" unions that now account for 70% of merger activity.

In a conglomerate merger, a company takes over another in a different field, as in last week's announcement that tobacco-producing P. Lorillard Co. is planning to consolidate with Schenley Industries (see following story). To the trustbusters, conglomerate mergers offer some sophisticated dangers. Potential stifling of competition—as in the ITT-ABC case—is one. Another is reciprocity. One circumstantial example of reciprocity currently cited by Government lawyers involves Armour & Co., which as a meat packer is a major customer for railroad shipping space. Armour, in a conglomerate merger, bought out Baldwin-Lima-Hamilton, a manufacturer of railroad equipment. And now, to the disapproval of the government and the outrage of competitors, B-L-H has been getting 90% of new hot-box orders.

Pending Guides. How are Turner and his men to deal with such problems? Neither Congress nor the courts have thus far spelled out specific rules covering conglomerates. The first firm guidelines may come before summer, when the Supreme Court is expected to act on the acquisition of Clorox bleach by Procter & Gamble.

Meanwhile, Antitrust Chief Turner is biding his time. But the shift in merger emphasis has already meant a personal shift of sorts. As a professor of law at Harvard, and an antitrust expert before his federal appointment, Turner took a liberal view of mergers. In the *Harvard Law Review*, he argued that courts should be "hardest on horizontal mergers, easier on vertical, and least severe on conglomerates."

Turner now seems less and less enchanted by the popular argument that conglomerates should be approved in



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TIME, MARCH 24, 1967

order to benefit consumers by economies achieved through sheer size. Addressing Los Angeles' Town Hall Forum two weeks ago, Turner argued: "In those instances where larger size will indeed carry with it greater efficiency, such efficiency will sooner or later be achieved by internal growth—the avenue by which, I wager, most economies of scale have historically been realized."

To the Package Store

Fearing that the smoking-and-cancer scare may be hazardous to their fiscal health, cigarette makers have long been hedging their futures by tracking down merger opportunities. Lately, the trail has led to the package store. Liggett & Myers last year took over the U.S. importer of J & B Scotch whisky. American Tobacco bought nearly all of Chicago's James B. Beam Distilling Co. last fall, and will soon purchase control of the Buckingham Corp., importer of Cutty Sark Scotch. When its turn came, P. Lorillard Co. decided to try a little tipping too.

Useful Shot. In Manhattan last week, Lorillard announced plans to acquire Schenley Industries for some \$350 million in new Lorillard securities. The deal will create a liquor-and-tobacco conglomerate with combined sales, including excise taxes, of nearly \$1 billion from more than 50 brands, including Lorillard's cigarettes, cigars, chewing tobacco, candy and cat food, and Schenley's bourbons, Scotches, wines and other potables.

Both companies could use a shot of some sort. The fifth-ranked U.S. tobacco company, Lorillard last year earned \$29 million on sales of \$510 million, but its profits have barely budged since the late 1950s, when its filter, Kent, stole the low-tar-and-nicotine march on the industry. Chairman Manuel Yellen, 54, last year offered a new filter brand, True, both plain and mentholated; though True is highly successful so far, sales have just begun to make up for its heavy introductory costs in a market now choked with competition.

Schenley's profits (\$20.5 million last year) should look good on Lorillard's books. And with its marketing-minded young management, Lorillard should soon be able to return the favor for Schenley, whose 1966 sales of \$478 million were only 2% greater than in 1957. Once the leading U.S. distiller, Schenley was overtaken by aggressive Distillers Corp.—Seagrams after the war. None of its leading brands (among them: Schenley Reserve blended whisky, Dewar's Scotch, I. W. Harper bourbon) are now the top sellers in their fields.

Reign's End. Detractors lay much of the blame to an aging but not notably mellow Schenley spirit: Chairman Lewis Soton Rosenstiel, 75. Rosenstiel founded the company shortly before repeal in 1933, and remains its dominant shareholder, controlling stock worth some \$55 million. Ever contentious, he



LORILLARD'S YELLEN
Time for a tippie.

has for decades feuded with the industry over various marketing practices; more recently, he has spent much of his time in and out of court waging private wars with, among others, his estranged fourth wife, his daughter, one of his own lawyers, and his Greenwich, Conn., neighbors.

Still robust and ever stabbing the air with his long cigars, Rosenstiel only last August gave up the presidency to Scots-born John Mackie, 55. Schenley-Lorillard merger terms and management details still have to be approved by directors and stockholders, but Rosenstiel at last seems ready to end his rambunctious reign. "He screams at you one minute," recalls one former Schenley staffer, "and then loves you the next." Schenley survivors may respond readily to some steady Yellen.



SCHENLEY'S ROSENSTIEL
Ready to go steady.

ECONOMISTS

Edie's New Mind & Manners

Investment-counseling firms often seem to wield a power far out of proportion to their size. Bankers, business leaders and bureaucrats pore over their forecasts. Pension plans, trusts and mutual funds sometimes swing on their recommendations. And while no one claims that they can change the economy, they sometimes come close—simply by changing their own economists. Last week one of the leading consultants, Manhattan's Lionel D. Edie & Co., ordered just such a switch.

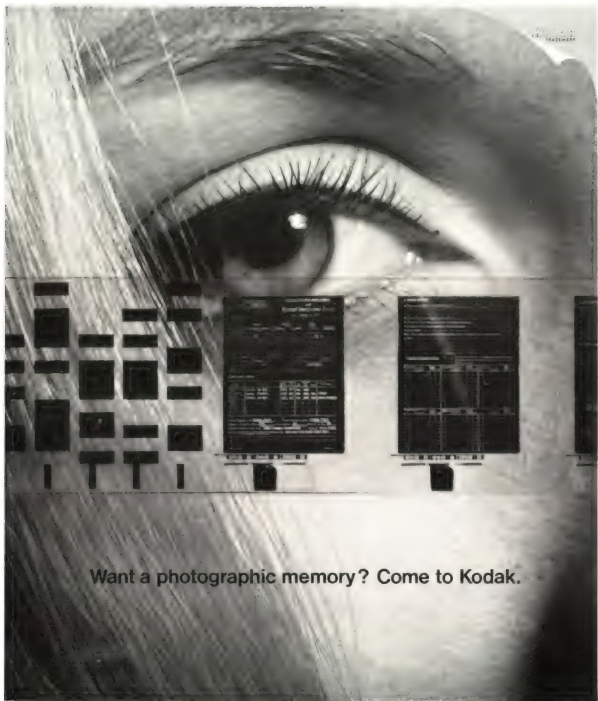
Out With the Aura. To take over its top titles of chairman and chief economist, the firm chose James O'Leary, 52, longtime, well regarded research chief of the Life Insurance Association of America. For Edie, which manages funds worth roughly \$2 billion and includes the Guggenheim Foundation, R.C.A. and Sears, Roebuck among its clients, the appointment promises a change in manner as well as mind.

For most of the past five years, Edie's No. 1 man has been voluble, Canadian-born Pierre Rinfret, 44. Rinfret, according to his own associates, never did "exhibit a large aura of humbleness." Nor did that aura grow after President Johnson, during a 1964 TV address, called him "a leading industrial economist" and reeled off figures from a bullish Rinfret forecast. Since last summer, Rinfret has been on the side of the bears, predicting a "mild recession" with no upturn in sight until at least the fourth quarter of 1967.

As it happened, Rinfret's relations with Edie soured along with his own views of the U.S. economy. Three months ago, Rinfret left Edie amid rumors of an abrasive management struggle. Now head of a new partnership, Rinfret-Boston Associates, he denies the strife stories, says he was simply eager to "have my own operation."

Modulation & Moderation. Whatever the reasons for the falling out, Edie will now speak with a considerably more moderate—and more modulated—voice. A onetime Wesleyan University economics professor, O'Leary has been critical of what he considers to be Administration errors, such as the failure to order a tax increase last year. But he admits to being "nowhere near as much of a bear" as Rinfret. Moves to ease credit and to restore the 7% investment tax credit, he says, should help bring on "a change from a mood of moderate pessimism to optimism." And if still more stimulus is needed, O'Leary is confident that the Administration "will find that it does not need the 6% tax surcharge."

In fact, O'Leary asserts that "if the Government follows reasonably appropriate policies, some of the things that it is already doing will strengthen the economy, and we will see a rise in the second half of this year." All of which may run him the risk of getting the next presidential TV encomium.



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WORLD BUSINESS

WESTERN EUROPE

Gloom Amid the Chrome

The usual eyecatchers were on hand last week at Geneva's Salon International de l'Automobile where 78 carmakers from 13 countries bared their new chrome. Ferraris, Maseratis and Aston Martins gleamed disdainfully, while a Daimler reposed in a bed of rhododendrons. High performance and prices typified the new models. Italy's Fiat presented its \$5,859 Dino, boasting a Ferrari-derived engine, while O.S.I. of Turin produced the silvery Scarabeo. From France came the Matra 530, a 1½ ton-styled model with a sloping tail, a Ford Taunus engine and a built-in roll-bar. Japan's Toyota came West with a 2,000 cc roadster labeled "James Bond." To be sure, Detroit-styled iron was there, but the square lines of Germany's new Opel Commodore seemed oddly more American than the nifty Mustangs and Cougars. And the canny Dutch drew crowds with a wicker-seated beach buggy named "Kini," built by DAF.

There's One Catch. While the show was unflatteringly festive, the moods of the European showmen were mixed. Most optimistic were Italian manufacturers, whose 1966 sales were up 17% over 1965; this January, the Italians topped the same month a year ago by 27%. Fiat, by far the largest Italian automaker, sold 1,178,000 in 1966, an impressive increase of 231,567 in two years. In 1967, Fiat expects to top that by 8%, and considering its deal with Russia last year (TIME, May 6), long-term licensing prospects look impressive. No less hopeful are state-owned Alfa Romeo, with 68,000 in sales last year, and Lancia, with 36,000 in 1966 sales (up 9%).

In France, it is generally agreed that growth will continue, if at a lesser rate than the spectacular 25.5% of 1966. There is one catch: a continued bad domestic-sales record may spur further exports by Germany and even Great Britain, which has sagged sadly in this area. This would, of course, slice into France's foreign market that last year accounted for nearly 40% of her sales.

A Spotty Picture. Germany's first-quarter sales and production are 25% below the same period of a year ago. Crash efforts have been weak, as when VW reintroduced its mini-priced model at \$1,121, christened by President Heinz Nordhoff, "the Economic Crisis Beetle." And springtime is not expected to bring relief. Germans, after seeing their economy crumble thrice in two generations, have nervously watched tax, interest and insurance rates rise, and unemployment surpass job openings.

While Germany is faltering, Britain's auto industry is marking time after passing through the worst phase of

the government's deflationary policies. Companies are even talking of rehiring laid-off autoworkers. But last year's exports slumped to the lowest level since 1961, and car registrations were off 12% in the first two months of this year. In its first-half report for fiscal 1967, due shortly, giant B.M.C. is expected to show sharply reduced profits.

Overall, the picture is spotty—some bright spots, some gloom. But prospects are that for the first time since 1950, Western Europe's automakers will end the year with their first annual production downturn.

ITALY

Stirrings in La Superba

During its 13th century heyday as a Mediterranean trading power, Genoa came to be known as "La Superba"—which, since it can be taken to mean "the haughty," was not necessarily a compliment. Still, the appellation was particularly apt for Genoa's businessmen, a tightfisted, close-knit breed that ranked among the world's most conservative. Interested only in sure things, they earned a lasting distinction by refusing to stake a local boy named Christopher Columbus to a daring expedition. Even today, the Palazzo San Giorgio, headquarters of Genoa's port authority, contains no monument to Columbus; instead, it houses a life-size statue of one Francesco Vivaldi, a more representative native son, who in 1371 introduced compound interest into the city's banking system.

Sails for Sunlight. The Genoese have been loath to change their ways even in the face of economic decline. Today, the city's richest businessmen still walk to work rather than buy automobiles; only recently did the last of them abandon the electricity-pinching practice of using white sails to reflect sunlight into their musty offices. Until a new *autostrada* is completed in 1970, the main stretch of road along the tourist-heavy coastal route between Genoa and the French frontier will remain the two-lane Via Aurelia, built by the ancient Romans. Whenever somebody suggests expanding the roads to Italy's interior, Genoese businessmen invariably ask: "Why? Just to let people from Milan come over here to have a good time?"

Genoa's main asset is its naturally endowed harbor—and the Genoese even let that fall into disrepair. In the 1930s, the city qualified as Southern Europe's leading port only because Benito Mussolini deliberately diverted shipping from Naples and Venice to keep Genoa's tonnage ahead of archrival Marseille. Once Mussolini was dispatched, Genoa's troubles emerged for all to see. Hemmed in by the Apennines with little room to expand, its harbor



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PORT OF GENOA

Where compound interest outranks Columbus.

area is a cramped compound of 1,000-year-old streets and hopelessly antiquated facilities. Operations are further hampered by some of the world's slowest-footed longshoremen as well as a bewildering maze of handling charges, tariffs and hidden fees. So costly a bottleneck has Genoa become that it now handles barely half as much cargo (37 million tons a year) as Marseille.

"Too Long." Ironically enough, it took a member of one of Genoa's most conservative old-line families, Shipping Magnate Giacomo Costa, 61, to make the first move to clean up the city's mercantile morass. For Genoa, Costa's scheme was downright startling. Concluding that the only long-term solution to the city's port problem was to look for space elsewhere, he got the backing of 170 leading Genoese businessmen, built a new landlocked "port" on the other side of the Apennines, 40 miles inland at Rivalta Scrivia. Linked to the sea by its own railroad and highways, the new facility is designed to ease pressure on the existing port. The way it works, incoming cargo is unloaded in Genoa, directly onto freight cars or trucks, then whisked to Rivalta Scrivia for customs clearance, sorting and warehousing. In that way, cargo handling costs could be eventually pared by as much as 50%.

In operation just four months, the \$12 million venture is moving only

20,000 tons of cargo a month, but Costa predicts that volume will at least triple by 1970. As much sense as Rivalta Scrivia makes, many of Genoa's stodgier merchants have characteristically fought its development every step of the way. But Costa is determined to see it through. "For too long we have regarded the port as a place to make money," says he. "The time has come to begin thinking about what service we can offer." And of course making more money in the process.

BRITAIN

Brickbats at BOAC

Since he took over as head of Britain's ailing BOAC in early 1964, Sir Giles Guthrie, 51, has worked a minor miracle. Unfazed by the state-owned airline's \$224 million accumulated deficit, brought about mostly by costly equipment flops in the 1950s, ex-Banker Guthrie lopped off money-losing routes, eliminated nonessential jobs, enlivened the company's advertising. His no-nonsense reforms soon had BOAC in the black for the first time in eight years; next month the company will announce record annual earnings of \$64 million. The most remarkable thing about the remarkable turnaround is that it has brought Sir Giles brickbats instead of bouquets in Parliament.

Last week one M.P. after another

took the House of Commons floor to denounce the way BOAC is being run. What particularly rankled the critics was the airline's reliance on U.S.-made Boeing planes instead of British aircraft. Indeed, one of Sir Giles's first decisions on taking command was to scrap an existing BOAC order for 30 Vickers Super VC10 passenger jets for the simple reason that Boeing 707s are more economical. Since Vickers was having trouble selling its plane to any non-British airline, the move provoked an angry outcry: in 1964 the government ordered BOAC to buy 17 of the Super VC10s after all.

Sir Giles not only lived with that edict but, by putting the plane on BOAC's well-promoted transatlantic service, he helped turn the craft into one of the company's biggest money-makers. The feat only emboldened buy-British forces, who got added ammunition from the crash of a BOAC-owned 707 on Mount Fuji last March; moreover, that disaster led to the discovery of hairline tail fissures that briefly grounded a number of the company's 21 other 707s. The fact that BOAC has placed new orders for four Boeing 707 freighters and six Boeing 747s—and no additional VC10s—is too much for many an M.P. The airline, charges Tory Stephen Hastings, has become a "Boeing shop window."

In reply, Sir Giles is strictly business. "I am," he says, "completely satisfied with the Boeing aircraft's performance and happy with their economics and reliability." BOAC's success under Sir Giles is dramatized all the more by the troubles that are bedeviling its sister airline, BEA. Saddled with an aging fleet and unprofitable domestic routes, BEA received an added setback last year when the government turned down its request to buy \$224 million worth of Boeing 727s and 737s. Instead, it has ordered 18 made-in-Britain BAC One-Elevens. For the year ending March 31, BEA is expected to show a profit of only \$1,400,000.



BOEING 707s AT LONDON AIRPORT

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CINEMA

Body English

Falstaff. Inside every fat man there is supposed to be a thin man screaming to get free. Inside Orson Welles there is just another fat man. At the age of 51, the onetime *enfant terrible* of cinema has finally allowed the swollen stranger in him to break loose. The stranger's name is Falstaff.

This film is a conglomeration of five Shakespeare plays, principally *Henry*



WELLES IN "FALSTAFF"
Hello, stranger.

IV, Parts 1 and 2, in which the character of Sir John Falstaff, "that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts," dominates the stage. Welles is probably the first actor in the history of the theater to appear too fat for the role. Immense, waddling, jowly, pantomining with a great theatrical strawberry nose and crafty, porcine eyes, he takes command of scenes less with spoken English than with body English. In whatever he does Welles is never entirely bad—or entirely excellent. In this film there flickers the glimmer of authentic genius, along with great stony stretches of dullness and incoherence.

The trouble with Welles's eleventh film is partly economic. For his epic project, Welles could gather only a sonnet-size bankroll of \$1,500,000—presumably because few of the pictures he has directed were ever commercial successes. To stretch the dollars, he shot the film in Spain with Spanish extras. The corner cutting shows in nearly every scene. Dubbing has made Shakespeare's words fit badly in the mouths of the supporting players and sometimes of the principals (Sir John Gielgud as Henry IV, Jeanne Moreau as Doll Tearsheet). The background of Avila sits oddly with the Elizabethan drama. By having Sir Ralph Richardson narrate

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the film with quotations from Holinshed's *Chronicles*. Welles evidently hoped to sew his fragmentary film together; instead, he has exposed its patches.

The film's most serious failure lies with the director, who also played the star. The reckless, feckless knight who personifies the pragmatic common man, a cross between burly and gaudy, is one of Shakespeare's most captivating creatures. Falstaff's dark side is delineated believably and well by Welles, who frosts the screen with the chill of death when he stands shunned by his former companion, Prince Hal, become King Henry V. But the tragic moment of repudiation lacks substance and significance because the Prince and Falstaff have never been Shakespeare's "sworn brothers" in the early part of the film. In all their scenes, neither the two friends—nor the audience—have ever really laughed together.

To underline the fat knight's tragedy, Welles has ignored the light side of the pun-prone, fun-filled roisterer. Falstaff describes himself as "not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men." Not, apparently, in Welles. What ultimately makes this *Falstaff* ring false is a lack of comedy in the Bard's most comic creation.

What the H

Hombre. Paul Newman has recently displayed a penchant for movies beginning with H—*The Hustler*, *Hud*, *Harper*. In *Hombre*, the H is silent and so, almost, is the star. With a voice that only on occasion rises to a monotone, he grunts his unrelenting hatred of the world. Caucasian by birth but raised by Indians—possibly the cigar-store kind, judging by the immobility of his features—he has suffered at the hands of both. One white man who has certainly made him suffer is Martin Ritt, the film's director.

Riding south with a wagonload of symbolic refugees from reality, the tough Hombre wards off a bandit attack led by Richard Boone. But Boone manages to kidnap an Indian-hating lady (Barbara Rush) and rustle the horses, leaving Newman to lead the little band to shelter. The band, it turns out, consists of soloists who cannot harmonize: a malleable Mexican driver (Martin Balsam) who has settled for permanent second-string status; Rush's husband, a corrupt Government agent (Fredric March); a pair of bickering teen-agers; and a wry-and-ginger red-head (Diane Cilento) who wouldn't mind becoming Newman's squaw.

Hombre finally leads the group through the desert to an abandoned mining shack, where they hole up and the plot gets out of hand. Bandit Boone reappears, offering to trade the kidnaped lady for March's moneybags and the passengers' water bags. When Newman says no to the offer, the bandits retaliate by tying Rush to a railroad tie. Inside the shack pretentious dialogue is

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delivered portentously. "It's a shock to grow old." March mutters. "There is no God . . . There is a hell . . ." The adolescents cower and try to find each other. Balsam pines and wavers. Unable to resist Rush's appeals, Cilento takes the loot and starts outside. "We better deal with people out of need, not merit," she intones.

At last, the misanthropic Hombre rises to perform the predictably noble act that redeems him. In the final gunplay, he knocks off Boone and a Mexican henchman who confides to Balsam before expiring: "I would like to know hees name . . ." Hees name is mud, and so is hees scenarist's.

Gals' Roguery

In *Like Flint* is the further adventures of a far-out secret agent who makes James Bond look like the stately Holmes of England. In *Our Man Flint* (TIME, Feb. 4, 1966), James Coburn's screwball skills put some spin into a sluggish scenario. But even he cannot defuse this bomb of a sequel.

An accomplished ladysmith and brilliant scientific mind on the payroll of something called Z.O.W.I.E., Flint this time around reduces the number of his mistresses to three. "I'm trying to cut down," he explains, then proceeds to extricate a Government official (Lee J. Cobb) from a conspiracy of vixens who try to take over the world. The gals' roguery includes a rogues' gallery of corrupt generals. Their weaponry consists of thousands of dryers installed in beauty parlors around the world to wash women's brains along with their hair.

Coburn's real opposition is neither the underdressed Amazons who want to pursue him nor the overplayed villains who try to undo him. It is the same slipshod kind of script that nearly stoned the first cast and this time ensures a sparkless Flint.



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BOOKS

Journey Without an End

A PERSONAL ANTHOLOGY by Jorge Luis Borges. 210 pages. Grove Press. \$5.

Argentina has no national literature, but it has produced a literary mind that is as mysterious and elusive as the fretted shadows on the moonlit grass. He is Jorge Luis Borges, 67, who has been hailed in his own country as the greatest living writer in Spanish, though only a few of his books (*Ficciones*, *Dreamtigers*) have been translated into English. All told, his international reputation rests on three slim volumes. These new selections are a collage of fables, parables, essays and poems—the ones he chooses to be judged by.

Borges does not perceive the world as other men do. An eye illness made him blind ten years ago; moreover, his "stories" are not fiction but something more akin to thought patterns. Long ago, he began storing his visions in what he calls the "unstable world of the mind, an indefatigable labyrinth, a chaos, a dream." And out of this darkness, from total recall, flash his scintillas of light.

A Lost Face. Borges calls them footnotes to unwritten books. "Mankind has lost a face," he writes in one, barely a page long. "We lost these features in the same way as an image in a kaleidoscope is lost forever. We may see them, and not know it. The profile of a Jew in the subway may be that of Christ; the hands which give us some coins at a change window may recall those which some soldiers once nailed to the Cross."

In a fable, Borges imagines Droctulft, a barbarian, fighting against the Romans at the siege of Ravenna. When Droctulft's eyes fix on the city he is helping to storm, he sees for the first time "a whole that is complex and yet without disorder. He knows that in the city he will be a dog or a child, and that

he will not even begin to understand it, but that it is worth more than his god and his sworn faith and the German marshes." Droctulft deserts and dies fighting for dying Rome. "He was not a traitor," writes Borges. "He was a visionary."

Life's Circularity. It requires a patient reader to keep from feeling that he has been marching through Borges in circles. But, like all compelling writers, Borges makes the march profoundly worthwhile; the traveler may find himself unconsciously adapting to the author's concentric step.

This leads, in *The Circular Ruins*, to "a temple, devoured by an ancient conflagration, profaned by the malarial jungle, its god unhonored now of man." A stranger arrives, impelled there by the desire "to dream a man. He wanted to dream him in minute totality and then impose him on reality." The stranger succeeds, only to be assailed by the fear that his creation will discover its source: "Not to be a man, to be the projection of another man's dream—what incomparable humiliation!" A fire blooms in the forest, and the stranger, calmly accepting death, walks into the flames. But they do not burn: "With relief, with humiliation, with terror, he understood that he, too, was all appearance, that someone else was dreaming him."

Borges may be saying that to search for meaning is to set forth on a journey that never ends—the ruined temple is life's circularity; the dreamer himself is a dream. He may also be saying that, along the way, it is less important to know than to feel. And that may be the key to Borges, who casts over the reader a powerful, almost irresistible spell.

The Right Kind of Virgin

THE UNICORN GIRL by Caroline Glyn. 192 pages. Coward-McCann. \$4.

There seems to be no letup in Britain's export of talented kids: first the pop singers, then the clothing designers, now a precocious novelist who will be around for a long time. At 19, Caroline Glyn, a great-granddaughter of Elinor Glyn, is technically a teen-ager, but in skill and imagination she is a veteran. Her first novel, *Don't Knock the Corners Off*, was a winning, blithe school-girl adventure that knocked all four corners off an English education—and she was 15 when she wrote it. In her third novel, *Okltimer* Glyn looks again into the recent past and examines the chimerical age of 13 in an upsetting setting: a Girl Guide summer camp. For this delightful slip of a book, Glyn gets four gold stars and a merit badge.

Her heroine is Fullie, who is convinced that she turns into a tree on fine spring nights and hasn't a single human friend in the world. She goes to camp hoping to find a few, but of course finds herself instead. A ragtag regiment of girls from eleven to 13, led by captains



CAROLINE GLYN
Not so many nowadays.

and lieutenants of 16 or so, pitch camp for two weeks on the Isle of Wight. They leave half their supplies behind on the boat, neglect to put the kettle on for tea; on the second morning, all that is left to feed the whole Brownie troop is eight slices of toast. In the brief pauses between muddled meals, the Guides manage to lose each other, usually during a hilarious drill called "stalking," in which they are all over the heath like big-rumped, slightly spastic tiger kittens. Author Glyn is a connoisseur of chaos.

She is also a seer in matters of the 13-year-old heart—and a more vulnerable one than Fullie's never fluttered. A dozen times a day she throws herself at the mercy of a savage sisterhood of judges—those of her peers who have learned the power of group opinion and the perils of deviating from its cast-iron conventions. Whenever camp life becomes unbearable, she loses herself during a stalk and pretends that she is accompanied by a friendly unicorn, the traditional symbol of virginity. By the end of camp, she has found and kept a friend, but she still has need of her imaginary pal. "Just remember," she says to a teacher who intrudes on her illusions, "I am a virgin, the right kind of virgin, and in the right ways. There aren't so many like me nowadays."

No indeed. And not many books like this, either.

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history is empirical: survival demands more than a dwelling on the past: it requires careful soundings of the symptomatic currents of the present.

Thus it is understandable that Israel is inordinately interested in Germany, periodically dispatching journalists to scour the land for insights. What is more surprising is that an Israeli newspaperman has produced an important analysis of both East and West Germany. Amos Elon, 40, foreign correspondent for the Tel Aviv newspaper Ha'aretz, claims no objectivity: he begins his tour in 1965 at Auschwitz in Poland, clearly announcing that he carries 6,000,000 cinder chips on his shoulders. But prejudice soon gives way to perception, and recrimination to compassion.

Horatio at the Wall. Many of Elon's observations are familiar enough. He reviews the industrial resurgence of West Germany. One reads again of the neo-Nazi lunatic fringe, but Elon suggests that a vigilant press and growing democratic values keep the extreme rightists cornered. And there are also the usual set pieces: the Horatian discourse before the Berlin Wall, the discovery of the Germans' compulsive need to be loved, the bloody reappearance of *Schmitze* (dueling scars) on the Nordic faces of West German *Korporationen* youth.

But the main theme of Elon's book is the ambience of "moral schizophrenia" regarding the guilt for Germany's past. In West Germany it is always "they," the Hitler government, who committed the crimes: in East Germany it is always "they," the present West German government, who are assigned the guilt.

Only the intellectuals, artists and the press, Elon believes, seem to be aware of the magnitude of the moral problem confronting Germany. Few others express concern that in West Germany former Nazis still hold responsible positions in the army. Elon concedes that no people can go on feeling guilty forever; still, he is pained at the philistinism he finds among West German politicians, who seem determined to blank out the past. But he admires the attitude expressed by Catholic Writer Heinrich Böll (*The Clown*). "The sum of suffering was too great," says Böll. "to attribute it to the few who were unequivocally guilty; a part remained and has not been accounted for until today."

Class Project. More concrete and damaging is Elon's discovery of the breakdown in the German education establishment, and here he delivers a devastating and well-documented charge: the decline in German education that began during the Third Reich has not been stemmed. Not only has West Germany ceased to be an academic Olympus—the world center of study for mathematics and medicine, physics and philosophy—but it even lags behind the rest of Western Europe when it comes to significant scientific research. In 1965,

Rockwell Report



by A. C. Daugherty

President

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HUMAN NATURE RESISTS CHANGE. Yet change is inevitable, and the ever-faster rate of change in business today can destroy the company that is insensitive to it. All organizations

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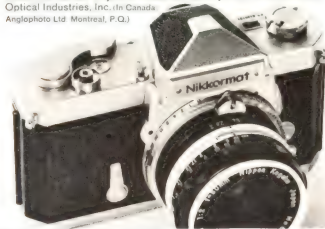
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only 17.6% of West Germans between the ages of 15 and 19 attended school full time, compared with 66.2% in the U.S.; only 6% of working-class West German students received higher education v. 30% in the U.S. (TIME Essay, Jan. 13).

In East Germany more higher education is available, but the student there has to wade his way from kindergarten on through a Marxist garble that includes a typical class project called "Everyone Loves Walter": "Objective—The children become acquainted with the picture of Walter Ulbricht, the Chairman of the State Council. They pronounce the name correctly, they listen carefully when [told] his story, and are supposed to feel that he is a good person." And in both countries, some of the textbooks are exercises in controlled amnesia. For example, a widely used West German textbook dismisses the Nazi death camps as "intensified measures against the Jews."

As a surrogate victim, Elon is often appalled by his discoveries, but he recovers his cool quickly. Though he notes similarities between East and West Germany, he never forgets the differences. After a drab night on the town in East Berlin, he concludes: "The D.D.R. has a sobering effect on those who come to Germany with a bagful of resentments: it even makes one feel guilty. Somehow as a foreigner and as a Jew you are imbued with a dark, inexplicable, rarely uttered feeling that the fortune bestowed on the West Germans is in some way indecent. Somehow you want to see Germans in hair shirts, barefoot, and covered with ashes. East Germany in its way changes this attitude. You think of the lonely people you meet here, of their perennial despair, of the young people who look so old. You think: for God's sake, enough! It is enough!"

A Swinger for All Seasons

DISRAELI by Robert Blake. 819 pages. St. Martin's. \$12.50.

In Britain's political pantheon stands one statue raffishly askew, absurd finger-curls atop a drooping, oversized head, a sardonic smile on its decidedly un-English face. Benjamin Disraeli was as unlikely a Prime Minister as England ever had, as prodigal a son as the mother of parliaments ever spawned. During nearly 40 years of Tory leadership, he was hated with rare passion by his enemies, notably Liberal Leader William Gladstone, and often only barely trusted by his own lieutenants. Intrigued more by power than principle, too cynically clever by half in an age craving sober dignity in its statesmen, forever trailing a rake's reputation, Disraeli was the great gate crusher of his times.

All "Dizze" had going for him, as Oxford Historian Robert Blake makes abundantly clear, was genius. Not only was he a man of spectacular deeds, he was also a racy and prolific author of social and political fiction (twelve nov-

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If a signal lasts longer than two weeks, see your doctor without delay.

It makes sense to know the seven warning signals of cancer.

It makes sense to give to the American Cancer Society.

els), master of the epigram rivaled only by Oscar Wilde and, says Blake with the refreshing lack of equivocation that distinguishes his book, "the best letter writer among all English statesmen."

Survival Factor. The best but not necessarily the most truthful. "Throughout his life," Blake warns, "Benjamin Disraeli was addicted to romance and careless about facts." He was invariably the hero of his own self-created myth, and because he could write all his contemporaries under the table, his version of events tended to survive longer than anyone else's. The famous, ponderous six-volume biography by Moneypenny and Buckle, published in 1920, often fell prey to this charm beyond the grave. It also abetted the myth—later given



CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF DISRAELI (1869)
Up the ladder of last resort.

its crudest expression in the George Arliss film of 1929—of Dizzy as a brilliant theatrical Jew, triumphing over early poverty and snobbery to create the British empire singlehanded and present it to Queen Victoria like a posy of primroses.

Blake peels the petals off this flowery picture with loving precision. Disraeli was born in 1804, in no sense underprivileged. His father Isaac was a well-known, successful anthologist with a pleasant country house and an entree into at least the second rank of English society. Dizzy could have gone to the Establishment schools if he had wanted to—both his younger brothers attended Winchester—but he skipped school to get on with the great game of life, for already ambition was burning a hole in his dandy's pockets.

Almost any career would do. He tried law, but it bored him. He tried speculation (South American mining shares), and was soon saddled with a load of

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debts that plagued him nearly all his life. He took to writing, but his first novel, *Vivian Grey*, scandalized the *haut monde*, without winning a large public or making much money. Politics became his ladder of last resort. Even then he slipped four times on the first rung before finally winning a seat in Parliament on his fifth try.

A Message for Albert. In the arena, he soon was tagged the "jew d'esprit." Only a childhood conversion to Christianity arranged by his father made Dizzy eligible for Parliament, but prejudice, as Blake points out, played very little part in his difficulties. Dizzy himself was his own worst enemy.

His youthful reputation as a scandalous womanizer (deserved) and as a financial charlatan (undeserved) haunted his career. All his life he was candid to the point of impudence and imprudence and maintained a totally un-Victorian intolerance of humbug and hypocrisy. His pen dripped venom. He once endowed an opponent with "the crabbed malice of a maundering witch." Justifying his casual inconsistency on an issue in Parliament, he bluntly said: "We came here for fame." When friends congratulated him on his first accession to the prime ministership, Disraeli said cynically: "Yes, I've climbed to the top of the greasy pole."

In his twilight of honor, he was made Earl of Beaconsfield and moved to the House of Lords. "I am dead," said Dizzy, "dead but in the Elysian fields." The irreverence reached right to the brink of the grave. All his life he had captivated older women; he married and lived happily with one twelve years his senior. Queen Victoria, grieving over her lost Prince Albert, was his last and greatest spiritual conquest. As Disraeli lay dying at 76, a courier from the Queen asked if she could come visit him. "It is better not," he said. "She would only ask me to take a message to Albert."

No Sacred Cows. In his summing up, Blake suggests that it was this profound disdain for all the sacred cows of English life and government that fed Dizzy's antagonists. Yet, his opportunism and imagination created an impressive political legacy. It was he who first formulated the now-obvious parliamentary principle that "it is the duty of the opposition to oppose." It was Dizzy who wrought the Reform Bill of 1867, giving the vote for the first time to large numbers of the emerging industrial class in Britain. He shaped and dramatized the Tory sense of larger world responsibilities. With Bismarck at the Congress of Berlin in 1878, he headed off a potential clash among European powers in the Balkans, creating the Continental peace that lasted until 1914.

Beyond all this, the reader may well conclude that Disraeli's greatest gift was for acupuncturism, which he practiced with matchless skill on all the pomposities of his era. He was a swinger for all seasons.

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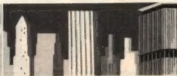


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